

The TATLER

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London, December 16, 1931

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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN HOLLYWOOD

The most recent portrait from Hollywood of one of the most discussed and at the same time most beautiful actresses in the two hemispheres. Since leaving us to go back to America, where she has been absolutely absorbed by the Paramount Film Corporation, Miss Tallulah Bankhead has made as devastating a success in the celluloid drama as ever she has done on the real stage. She "films well," as the movie jargon has it, and furthermore, has just the right temperament for the parts for which she has been cast in "Tarnished Lady," "The Cheat," "My Sin," and so forth. Her first appearance on the London stage was at Wyndham's in 1923, where she played "Maxine" in "The Dancers," in support of Sir Gerald du Maurier's "Earl of Chieveley."



WITH THE WATERFORD

The Joint Master, the Marquess Marchioness (in top hat), and some of the recent meet of these hounds at Rathgormack village. Lord Waterford hunts hounds himself, and has J. Haynes and J. Walshe to turn them to him.

His Joint Master is Mr. R. Russell

AT RATHGORMACK

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THOUGH things have been quietish on the whole, my dear, there were unmistakable sounds of revelry by night at last week's Beaux' Stratagem back-stage party, and the freedom from piracy (as advertised) was a most welcome innovation. The prevalent gaiety very much reminded me of careless cosmopolitan evenings at the Auberge at St. Jean de Luz or the Casanova at Biarritz; in fact the whole affair was quite unlike any charity show I'd ever attended in London. We certainly kept Biarritz hours, and Don Manuel de Yturbe was most annoyed at being obliged to leave early (3 a.m.) owing to having examinations to contend with later in the morning.

When the curtain went up for the party the only occupants of the stage were a huge naked bath and a very dignified butler (kindly lent by Mr. Behar). As soon, however, as it was discovered that the bath contained bottles of champagne cunningly concealed among ice-like presents in a bran tub there was an ugly rush, headed by Mr. "Sandy" Watson and Miss Crohan, closely followed by Miss Villiers-Stuart and Sir Stephen Bull.

Baron Marochetti seemed to brood over the said bath. Perhaps he was considering its possibilities in connection with his own famous blue lapis lazuli one.

Prince George Chavchavadze came with Sir George and Lady Hamilton, whose very attractive daughter, "Lindis," had acted in the play which preceded the party. There were crowds of other decorative people, including Mrs. Oswald Battine, Lady Tiverton, Miss Chandos-Pole, and Miss More-Molyneux. Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Owen, freed

The Letters of Eve



THE HON. IVOR GUEST AND HIS LOADER

At his father's, Lord Wimborne's, shoot at Sherborne Lodge, Nottingham, last week. The Hon. Ivor Guest is Lord Wimborne's only son and came of age in 1924

from the somewhat exacting influence of their daughter, appeared to be having a grand time.

Miss Elizabeth Eliott and Mr. Thomas James were doing well in the dancing line, but Mr. Keith Fraser, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and Mr. Peter Aitken found other attractions.

Cabaret turn succeeded cabaret turn in most satisfactory fashion, these being contributed by Dorothy Dickson, Anita Elson, Geoffrey Gwyther, Stella Wilson, Stanley Holloway, and other generous people. I was particularly gratified by the spectacle of Peggy Cochrane bowling her hoop with Billy Walker in the Parc Monceau, and there was quite a good amateur dramatic moment when someone fell into the footlights while retrieving a small sausage.

Miss "Pooh" Paget looked radiant in gold brocade, and told me that the party reminded her of those given by her indomitable father, who has a well-deserved reputation for successful "mixing." Even Major-Generals' wives have been known to find something in common with Mr. Cochrane's gayer Young Ladies when Major Paget has invited them to meet one another at Ibstock Place.



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MR. JAMES MONTAGU AND HIS DAUGHTER ANNE

A snapshot on the Cottesmore's recent Loddington day. Mr. James Montagu served with the 15th Hussars in the War, and before that was Master of the Badsworth 1908-1910. He is also well known in the polo playing world. He has a house at Cold Overton, Oakham, in the Cottesmore country

Mrs. Payne Thompson, that charming American sister of Alice Lady Lowther, whose pictures are often hung in the Paris Salon, is over here for a short time. Her house is very modern and perfectly fascinating. I don't know which I admire most, her ballroom, painted with Venetian scenes, and lit by "daylight" lamps; the futurist Empire dining room (it sounds like a contradiction in terms, but this way to paradox is a modern craze); or her lovely bedroom. The latter is all hung in cream coloured satin, the severely simple lines of the furniture made beautiful by the grain and texture of modern walnut wood. Perhaps, after all, I like the passages best, because they are entirely lined with looking glass.

Heavens! how crowded the Embassy is these days, or rather nights. Dancing was quite impossible the last time I went there, but that didn't matter. One only had to use one's eyes to be amused.

Peggy Marsh, mother of the celebrated baby on whose behalf she claimed knock-out damages from the Marshall Field estate, arrived late with the young representative of an old firm of, shall we say, linen-drapers? At the next table Joan Pickering, the lovely dancer, was sitting with a very well-known young gold and silversmith.

So much for the stage. A good supply of the most "written-up" debutantes was on view. Miss Rose Bingham, more like an enchanting little faun than ever, Miss Margaret Whigham in diaphanous white, Miss Pat Richards in black lace. Where is Lord Jersey, by the way? They tell me he retired into a nursing home with minor tummy trouble shortly after the engagement was announced. Such bad luck.

There was quite a family party in one corner of the room, given by Sir James

coat of stiff, flowered tafetas were most original.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster's last shoot of the season must have been a huge success judging by the enraptured accounts I've had of it from various



XMAS SHOPPING! THE HON. JAMES LINDSAY AND LADY ELIZABETH LINDSAY

A Bond Street snapshot last week. Whatever the purchasing power of the pound may be in furrin parts, in England a pound's a pound for a' that. The Hon. James Lindsay is the Earl of Crawford's younger son, and Lady Elizabeth Lindsay is one of his sisters



MISS ISLA BEVAN AND MISS FRANCES DOBLE (LADY LINDSAY-HOGG)

Who are both playing in the screen version of "Nine Till Six," the all-woman film from the play now in full swing of production at the A.R.P. Studios, Ealing Green. Miss Isla Bevan is Mr. Basil Dean's recent discovery. Miss Frances Doble is the wife of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

and Lady Dunn. She wore a very simple white dress with a blue sash, and I suddenly realized that she's exactly like the Romney pictures of Lady Hamilton—auburn hair, short upper lip, and all. Miss Kit Dunn, in black, was pretty and hilarious, and Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson's frock and small

The Duke of Westminster has lately acquired some new country near Dieppe, and was over there for four days' pig-chasing not long ago with his younger daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor. All went very well, I believe, except for a fog in the Channel on the way back.

I hear that Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, pretty Mrs. Ian Campbell, means to stand for Parliament one of these days; as she has all her father's determination plus a charming and persuasive manner of her own, she ought to go far in her chosen career. It seems that Hubert Duggan is quite one of the wittiest and best speakers amongst our younger M.P.s. If he is anything like as amusing on the platform as he is across a dinner table, I can well believe it.

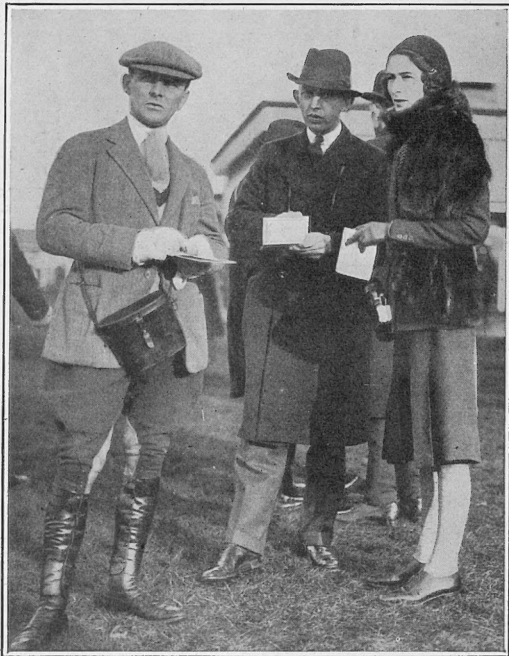
Lord Knebworth, too, is a young man who takes his political future seriously, but really so many of one's friends are in the "House" now that it's hard to remember which ones have been left out. Certain lovely ladies must be missing the escort of Mr. "Chips" Channon, that genial American, author of two successful novels, and by now far more English than any of us. I suppose his political duties will keep him away from some, if not all, of the world's best parties. They won't feel the same without him!

(Continued overleaf)



IN YORKSHIRE: MAJOR A. R. HILL-WALKER, V.C.

A snapshot near Constable Burton, where the Bedale Hounds were the day it was taken. Major Hill-Walker is a great fox preserver. He got his V.C. in the Boer War of 1881-82, and was with Sir George Colley, who was killed in the Majuba Hill disaster



AT HURST PARK

Captain Weber and Mr. G. Langlands, two well-known G.R.s, with Mrs. Allan on the concluding day of the Hurst Park meeting, held in delightful weather. Unfortunately there was a good deal of grief, three jockeys being injured and Mr. Law's Candover breaking his neck

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Being a confirmed Shavian, I knew that sooner or later I should have to spend 8s. 6d. on the Harris screed featuring G. B. S. in the naughty 'nineties or earlier. Hardly had I done so when who should I meet, prancing down Bond Street, but the Great Man himself, looking not one whit embarrassed at the vivisection of his past in this latest biography. And was it imagination, or did I see a slight bulge in one cheek?

Edinburgh is one up on London at the moment, having caught Herr Tauber just before he caught cold. He had a tremendous reception, and so did Kubelik, who played there the week before. I wouldn't say, though, that Scottish people as a whole are very musical, would you? Of course, there are exceptions—Lord Glentanar, for instance. It's an absolute joy to hear him play that wonderful organ at Glen Tanar. I believe when it was first put in he got the organist from Notre Dame over to try it out, and the French expert's verdict was that it was the finest "secular" organ he'd ever encountered.

Lord Glentanar inclines to intellectuality (though he runs the Scottish Boy Scouts and does more than his share of public work). His wife, on the other hand, is a very out-of-door person, and makes a good show at any sport or other active pastime she takes up.

Just to show that further "organization" is possible in Scotland, I must mention a super instrument in Berwickshire, electrically driven. This is at Marchmont, Captain Jock McEwen's seat. He has another in the House of Commons, having "got in" for Berwick and Haddington at the last election. Not only politically- and literary-minded (for he has written poetry of superior as well as doggerel kind), Captain McEwen is also extremely humorous and in enormous demand when his friends want a really good laugh. His wife is a daughter of Sir Francis Lindley, and they have an enchanting brood of fair babies. Marchmont is a pure Adam house, except for the vast music-room which houses the organ aforesaid.

Given a fine day, and we've had quite a lot to encourage us just lately, Hyde Park provides as good a dog show as one could wish to see. The other morning, among the many people who were being taken for a walk was Lady Shaftesbury, looking very nice (but surely feeling slightly chilly?) in a pale oyster satin coat and skirt which the brisk breeze was rather disregarding. One hand controlled a gambolling Tail-Wagger, while the other was thrust into a sumptuous sable muff.

Lady Weldon was going well in a red velvet coat, and I also saw Miss "Biddy" Lees, who is marrying Sir Richard Leighton on January 5. Her plans for her bridesmaids' outfits sound enchanting, but they are not to be made public at present.

Another January bride, who is being married on a Monday for the special benefit of Belvoir friends (this being a non-hunting day), has chosen peach-coloured ring velvet for her supporters. They are to be all children and will include her cousins, Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, a quite ravishing couple.

The wedding is to be at the Guards' Chapel, and the Coldstream band (*sans* brass) will play. Captain John Lascelles only just caught them in time, for on the Tuesday (January 26) they go and make melody in Liverpool for some days.

I hear from Morayshire that Captain Edward Tennant and his attractive wife, Veronica (a daughter of the ever youthful Lady Juliet Duff), are leaving their own house, Lochnabo, and taking over his father's much larger place, Innes by name. Captain Tennant and his wife are the lucky parents of two really perfect children, the little girl, Robina, being particularly delicious.

Another pretty inhabitant of Morayshire, Mrs. Roy Mackenzie, was lunching with her sister, Mrs. Shennan, at London's newest quick-luncheon club, "Punch's," the other day, looking very well, in a short striped fur jacket and a little stitched brown hat. You remember her husband, Roy Martineau, changed his name

when he inherited the charming place they now own. Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Shennan (one of the wittiest women I know) are the daughters of Lady Troubridge, the well-known novelist, and nieces of Lord Dudley.

Talking of the Dudleys, there is to be a great gathering of the Ward clan this Christmas at Himley, Lord Ednam's place. Roddy Ward and his wife, home on leave from Kenya, those popular twins, Eddy and Georgie, and Lady Patricia Ward are all to be in the party, also Lady Honor Bridgeman, Lord Ednam's eldest sister. It ought to be a very jolly one as they all get on so well together, not like some families that we know! —Ever, EVE.



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Who, happily recovered from her illness, is now playing the lead in "Can the Leopard . . ." produced last night (December 15) at the Haymarket. This is a very light comedy by Ronald Jeans, better known for his revue sketches

The Christmas Number of "The Tatler" is Now On Sale, Price 2/-

IN AND OUT OF TOWN



A CHILDREN'S CHARITY PERFORMANCE AT CORTACHY, FORFARSHIRE

Some of the very attractive chorus of The Angus Society children, who did so well in the performance of "The Land of Sunrise," in aid of Christmas charities, and which was given in the Cortachy Drill Hall. The names, left to right, are: Jean Sandeman as Sing Sing, Agnes Craik as Apple Blossom, Lady Jean Ogilvy (eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie) as Lotus Blossom, Greta Baillie as Cherry Blossom, and Margaret Ogilvy (second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie) as Yum Yum, Amy Forbes as Oga Bogo, and his wife (Beth Norrie)



MRS. DUDLEY WARD AND LADY ANNE WELLESLEY



THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM, MISS PATRICIA RICHARDS, AND THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST

All these ladies were intimately concerned in making the Midnight Ballet at the Carlton Theatre one of the best parties so far of the winter season. It was in aid of the Queen Charlotte Hospital funds, and Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mrs. Ronald Aird were prominent amongst the organizers, and a large detachment of people helped in the theatre in the sandwich and eats way generally. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. Prince George were present, and Society in force simply packed the theatre

The Cinema : The Tivoli Disappoints

By JAMES AGATE

"I AM giddy," said Troilus on a famous occasion. "Expectation whirls me round." This thought might have been in the heads of the crowd panting and pushing for admittance to *Congress Dances*, provided, of course, that thought is a property of cinema-goers. An ironist might with advantage have stood on the pavement outside the Tivoli and contrasted the gay and excited faces of one crowd hoping to be thrilled to the marrow of its bones with the glum visages of the other crowd who had experienced this thrill and found it wanting. I shall not waste time, space, energy, and erudition in declaring that this film throws no great illumination upon the political situation in Europe at the time when Napoleon was making his "get-away" from Elba. The direction of the film is by Herr Erik Charell, and I have not heard it alleged against *White Horse Inn* that that sparkling entertainment fails as a realistic representation of life in modern Germany. Seekers after an elaborate exposition of Metternich's policy at the Congress of Vienna are not well advised to go to this film for it, for it is as plain as the nose on Herr Charell's face that his genius is for travesty. The only thing to be asked, then, is whether *Congress Dances* is as amusing a travesty as we have the right to expect from Herr Charell. In my view the answer is in the negative, for the reason that the story, the acting, the settings, and the photography are not good enough. Am I then comprehensively condemning this show? I am afraid I am. *Tant pis*, or words to that effect, as Metternich doubtless said when he heard of Napoleon's landing. The one first-class thing in the show is the music, which is catchy and ear-haunting and moreover has inspired Herr Charell to his best bit of production, the shot in which the Royalties having vacated their seats at the Congress to join in the dance their chairs nod assent to Metternich's proposals in time to the music. I shall hazard the guess that not all the music is by Schubert, and of course the programme now lying before me contains, so far as I can discover, no clue as to whom one ought to praise for the captivating song which is sung by Christel in her carriage, and taken up by the entire population of Vienna. Miss Evelyn Laye informs me how to clean my aluminium saucepans, or what to do with any butter which should find itself on my carpet. I would not be churlish, and these useful hints shall be cherished against the time when I have an aluminium saucepan, or when senility makes me childish about the butter. But I would sacrifice these hints, Mr. Jack Buchanan's horoscope, and even the reassurance that Miss at the Wurlitzer, for the necessary, information that I desire.

On the other hand, the programme exhibits a praiseworthy gallantry in maintaining silence as to the author of the story. There are things one does not do, and so object an imbrogio is one of them. Prince Metternich desires to prevent the Czar Alexander from attending his committee meetings, to which end he enlists the support of an equivocal Countess, brilliantly impersonated by Miss Lil Dagover. But the Czar realizes that two can play at that game, and arranges for an enchantress of humbler and more endearing charm, who is, of course, Christel, the little glove-seller. Moreover, the Czar is no fool, and travels with a double who shall impersonate him and so enable him to be in two places at the same time. This, then, is the entire situation of the piece. There is a council-meeting at four o'clock. Metternich thinks the Czar is having cocktails with the Countess, while Christel thinks the Czar is having tea with her. The Czar's double keeps both appointments

in rapid succession and dissatisfies both ladies, while the Czar turns up at the Town Hall after all. The same thing happens at supper-time when the Czar is supposed to be at a ball, and really that is all the story. News comes that Napoleon has broken loose, and all the monarchs and big-wigs scuttle back to their respective capitals. The Imperial double takes leave of the grand company at the ball and gets into one carriage, while the real Czar takes sentimental farewell of his un-smirched glove-seller and gets into another carriage. Well, the story of *White Horse Inn* was thin enough; the story of *Congress Dances* is thinner still.

Its strength is that there is no little typist or mannequin in London or Nuneaton or North Shields, or wherever this film may percolate, whose bosom will not throb tempestuously at the spectacle of Christel's rise to the position of uncrowned queen unattended by any degradation. Christel, you see, has thrown a bouquet at the Czar and is about to be whipped by the public executioner when the Czar, who has caught sight of her face, comes in person to the police-court and orders her release. Christel is describing her venture to the other shop-girls when a lackey enters bidding her ascend into a carriage and drive triumphantly through the streets of Vienna to that country cottage which the Czar hopes she will do him the honour of accepting. Christel gets into the carriage and goes to infamy singing, and in the audience we may be sure that every little typist and mannequin is singing with her. And rightly. For circumstances alter cases, and there can be nothing infamous about a cottage which is larger than the R.A.C., though built on identical lines and served by even more flunkies. The journey in the carriage, in which the whole population of Austria participates having learned the theme-song by divination, is another good bit of production. Elsewhere the photography is poor, all the processions looking as if the people in them had "moved," as we used to say in the days of slow plates. Further, too many of the settings struck me as though they had been put up on Saturday and pulled down on Monday. And then the acting, or rather the over-acting! Apparently there has been no power in Berlin, and I should guess there is none on earth, to keep Miss Lilian Harvey still. Where anybody else would walk she dances; when anybody else would smile she grimaces, and her every gesture is executed with the arms akimbo and her elbows at the level of her ears. If there is no human being within

range she must coquette with a parrot or a monkey. Alone and by herself she cannot get into a pair of knickers without doing so in a manner to enchant the bed-post. In short, her archness is so overwhelming that at times I desisted from watching and, closing my eyes, thought regretfully on the decorum and reticence of Miss Bow. Mr. Henry Garat gives a middling performance, for as the Czar he has not enough charm, and as his half-witted double is not more than moderately amusing. Anybody who saw Mr. Alfred Lunt in *The Guardsman* will have some idea of what might have been made of this part. Metternich has nothing to do, but even so Mr. Conrad Veidt gives a superb performance for a reason that hardly ever occurs to anybody—the reason that he is a superb actor. I am neither film-writer nor film-producer. But if anybody will lend me Mr. Veidt and some not arch young woman, the European situation in 1815, the unknown composer, and one-tenth of the money spent on this production, I will guarantee to turn out a more entertaining film. And if I had a singer to sing old Viennese songs, as this film has, I should get a better one.



IN THE CALIFORNIAN SIERRAS: PHILLIPS HOLMES AND SYLVIA SIDNEY

An off-duty picture in the high spots behind Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are together in "The Confessions of a Co-Ed," and were also in "An American Tragedy"

Ena Baga still presides and I think harmless,

PLAYS AND THEIR PLAYERS



MISS DOROTHY DICKSON GOES INTO PANTIMIME AT THE GARRICK *Dorothy Wilding*



IN "FEAR": MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AND MISS MARY GLYNNE *Stage Photo Co.*



"IN BRITANNIA OF BILLINGSGATE": MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI (PANSY), MR. FREDERICK PIPER (MR. BOLTON), MISS MARY JERROLD (MRS. BOLTON, "BRITANNIA"), MISS EILEEN COLLINS-JAMES (MRS. WIGGLESWORTH), MISS DOROTHY DUNKELS (GLADYS), AND MR. RICHARD LITLEDIALE (FRED BOLTON) *Stage Photo Co.*

"Britannia of Billingsgate" is so fully exploited by our dramatic critic and the caricaturist in the dramatic pages in this issue that it seems hardly necessary to enlarge here upon Miss Mary Jerrold's big success as the char-lady, who makes a hit in the movies in this delightfully amusing comedy, or upon Miss Gabrielle Casartelli's clever work as the film-struck daughter who never even gets a chance. It is a really amusing piece, and has now gone to the Duke of York's. Beautiful Miss Dorothy Dickson possibly surprised herself as much as she did her friends when she announced that she was to play the principal boy in the "Dick Whittington" pantomime at the Garrick. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry's excellent performance as the terror-stricken man in the late Lord Lathom's play, "Fear," has been so much enthused about that it leaves no more to say. Miss Mary Glynne as the man's wife is also admirable



AND ALSO MISS MARY JERROLD AND MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI *Stage Photo Co.*



WITH THE VINE: MRS. DUGDALE AND HER DAUGHTER
AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Eric Guy

At the Vine fixture, Rawlings Farm, Monk Sherborne, Basingstoke. The Vine country is mainly in Hampshire with a small slice in Berks. His Grace the Duke is a staunch supporter. The family hunting tradition dates back to long before His Grace's distinguished ancestor had his own pack at Torres Vedras. The Pau Hounds claim descent from this Peninsula Hunt

A Leicestershire Letter

Monday at Seagrave was a dark, dreary day, with sport corresponding, owing to complete absence of smell. Anybody with a new story was at a premium.

Tuesday at the Cottesmore Kennels, was little better, with a fog hanging about. Three quarters of an hour at Ranksborough was a cold proceeding. From Orton Park a fox, who took refuge in the hollow of a tree and appeared again on the topmost bough, was so funenterprising when given a good long start as to get himself killed within six fields. Those who stayed at Prior's Coppice until lighting-up time were rewarded with a fast gallop up wind, until the moon being overcast hounds had to be stopped.

Friday, in a gale, looked hopeless, but in the evening hounds ran well from The Trussells and the small enclosures behind Great Dalby brought people down like birds in a drive. Rob took a high dive and Peter followed suit.

Saturday with the Belvoir, although not startling, was fun. Everybody years ago realized the adjoining Master's capability of keeping up with a pack of hounds (even hounds that can fly like the Belvoir). In fact, we have frequently known him to beat them; surely now he could rest on his laurels and cease trying to impress us with his prowess! Or does he merely come out to school his horses?

From the Beaufort

Only last week we were congratulating ourselves on the weather, but since then we have had a fair sample of the "good old days," rain and fog, which have not helped to keep up the high standard of sport. Tom, from Broad Hinton, on Monday brought off a useful hunt in the mud, and finished up in the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country.

On Tuesday, from the rendez-vous at the Hare and Hounds, Westonbirt, "Master" again provided two very enjoyable though twisting hunts, and the whole countryside was strewn with the girls from Westonbirt School, who were given a holiday for the occasion. Great was the excitement

From the Shires and Provinces

when that fox was killed near the meeting place. "Our Joint" very nearly got us left from Charlton Down!

Wednesday, from Corsham, can only be called moderate, and Friday from Cross Hands, with a gale blowing, made foxes hard to find. We were sorry for the M.F.H. from Ireland getting such an unlucky day.

Luckington (a new meet) on Saturday produced a colossal crowd mounted, in cars, and on bikes, and no wonder foxes were headed in every direction. Should grooms be allowed to follow in cars? No, certainly not, and what was the result? The fences round Pinkney were well sampled, and one of them can claim Her Grace, the Parson's wife, and the Colonel who so liberally entertained us at the meet. Everyone was glad to see "Blanchie" out this week. She has been a notable absentee this season, having been a regular attendant at the closing meetings. What bad luck to lose that good 'chaser of hers.

From the Fernie

Heavy fog enveloped the country on the day we met at Laughton.

It was a toss-up whether hunting would be possible but Mr. Edmondstone chanced his luck, and when hounds were thrown into Holloway Spinney visibility improved. A spasmodic hunt to Saddington Reservoir fizzled out near Smeeton. Several riders of both sexes were on their backs, the Monday feeling amongst the equine persuasion being very evident. The Papillon party, which included the Hon. Roderick Ward, just back from Nairobi, were in exuberant spirits and enlivened the solemn wait for the fog to lift before moving off. Who was the man who carried his boot-trees in his automobile! The luncheon of Woodland Pytchley found a muddy grave, but the flask was intact. It was hide and seek from Gumley Gorse with our next fox who took to the Laughton Hills where field and pack divided. With fog still descending hounds managed to kill a Gumley fox before returning to kennels.

A southerly gale with heavy showers augured badly for the Burton Overly meet; nevertheless hounds were able to run and took the *chasse* through some very deep country. The Glen Oaks foxes would not turn out, but an occupant of Stretton Hall Spinney took their place. A pleasant hunt to Harris and Stoughton finished it with a kill at Thurnby. Many soldier men were in the picture—Greys, Inniskillings, 7th and 10th, all going well. Mrs. Wiley, astride, was taking a day with her pack of early memories. Commander Alexander had the ill-luck to stake a horse, and the jumping Colonel on the grey landed in an unexpected bog hole.

From the Heythorp

This week we have had a taste of almost every kind of weather, except frost. On Monday there was fog, on Wednesday there was fog, on Friday it was windy, and on Saturday it was wet, and in spite of every variety of weather, there has been no variety so far as sport was concerned, which was of the best.

On Monday the fog was so thick at Over Norton that we were sent home and told to come again the next day. This was lucky indeed for us, but unlucky for the Daly cellar, which had to issue rations on both days,

(Continued on p. 450)



MR. AND MRS. GUY THOROLD ALSO WITH
THE VINE

Eric Guy

Taken on the same day as the other picture at the top when these hounds were at Rawlings Farm. Mr. Guy Thorold is a kinsman of Sir John Thorold, Bart.

AT THE EIGHTY

CLUB DINNER



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL



LORD GREY OF FALLODON (THE PRESIDENT)



SIR DONALD MACLEAN



MRS. WALTER REA, LORD ALLENDALE, AND (next but one) LORD MERSEY



LADY SINCLAIR



LORD BUXTON

The Eighty Club held its annual dinner at the Connaught Rooms on the 7th and a very excellent dinner it was in more ways than one, for the eloquence was as good as the "eats," which is saying a lot. Lord Grey, who is President of the Club and was in the chair, made an admirably balanced speech in which he pressed for a closing of the ranks in the Government and the elimination of all party frontiers; and Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, said very much the same thing in other words, and trod delicately as Agag over the stones of protective duties. Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald Maclean, President of the Board of Education, and Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Scotland, were the principal guests



AT NEWBURY 'CHASES: MR. REX EVANS

A private life snapshot of the famous entertainer who lightens the leaden hours for so many of us and is owed a deep debt of gratitude therefor. Anyone who helps to sustain the national morale in these times is doing a man's job of work

on her; moral escutcheon. No, what we are really interested in is a comparison between our own hidden blots and those of the hero or heroine, because a hidden blot makes a more thrilling day dream than the memory of a stricter rectitude. Or perhaps we are not interested in anything in particular. We just want to be lulled. And as, outside babyhood, human beings can rarely be said to lull us, we turn to books, even to the films; even, indeed, to watching people in the street. But books are the more satisfying—books, and music, and art, and a complete change of scene. Especially, perhaps, the latter; though books very often are almost as effective. Anything to escape the immediate domestic problems and the unchangeableness of friendly small-talk. I, myself, have escaped at least three times this week, one being something much more than merely an escape, a book which haunted me by its beauty, its disturbing, provocative musing. I refer to "The Soul of Malaya" (Elkin Mathews, 9s.), an admirable translation by Eric Sutton of Henri Fauconnier's "Malaisie," a winner of the Goncourt Prize in France and already a best seller on the Continent. Of actual story there is little. Simply the diary of a young man who after the war went to Malaya as a rubber-planter. But what beauty of description, what

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Far Away on the Wings of Books.

NOT many of us read books from an inner greed for information. Most of us read them "to forget." Just for the joy of being transplanted into a world, real or imaginary; away from worry, from the commonplace, from the necessity of having to talk. We cannot possibly be really interested over the problem as to whether or no Her Ladyship should pretend to her fiancé that she has kept herself unsullied from the world or honestly own up to a few spots here and there

profound revelation of the writer's reactions to the mystery, the strange loveliness, the freedom of thought and action which can be lived in this land of haunted, sometimes menacing enchantment. Pierre Loti might have written this book. A book so very much more than a mere account of a planter's life in a strange land. Work, love, friendship, lust, all woven into the texture of that revelation of a man's soul; which is, more than anything else, a man's life. How beautifully the book is written! One could read so much of it again and again. Two scenes especially stand out. The chapter when the author and his friend live for a little while naked, unashamed, unutterably free and happy in a lonely, exquisitely beautiful, palm-fringed bay, with only the sea and the sand and the sun above them for company. And again the chapter which tells of the terrible tragedy of a gentle-natured youth running amok until, hunted and desperate, he meets with a terrible end. To repeat, however, it is not so much the incidents in this book which make it so beautiful, so memorable; it is the reaction of the writer to the loveliness, to the mystery, to the loneliness of his strange existence. The book is exciting—mentally exciting, even physically exciting—because of its lovely qualities, and especially because of the author's unusual treatment of the development of his own inner life and of the inner lives of those with whom he came into mental contact.

Thoughts from "The Soul of Malaya."

"Men always believe that their civilization is the true and final one. Some do admit that a cataclysm may defeat it. But no one notices that all civilizations end by dying of boredom because the human ideal is ever changing."

"Love your fellow-men a little and they will adore you." "The masquerade of language is what creates the solitude of man."

"As soon as fighting begins, justice yields to patriotism."

"The mark of friendship is the telling of truth and its acceptance."

"Perhaps old age is only weariness at the end of one stage of the journey."

"Fate carries us on the back seat of a cart, so that we only see things after they have passed and the road speeds dizzily away beneath us. Humanity is an explorer who advances backwards."

A Delightful Travel Book in Zigzag.

Such a curious, disturbing uncomfortable factor in everyday life—the number of people we meet who, if we be not *with* them absolutely, consider that we are *against* them absolutely. So that, for example, we may never so much as question the authenticity of a single item in the Bible without being regarded as an atheist. So that one may barely suggest that the Poor have as much right to live as freely as the Rich without being dubbed a Communist. So that one may even scarcely dare to hint that you admire brunettes without offending every blonde in the neighbourhood. So that the mildest fight to obtain for yourself a place in the sun in your own individual life is regarded as selfishness, and to love, other than to order, is a sure and certain sign of incipient immorality. In fact, to live always at peace with one's neighbour is at every minute of the day a whole-time job. Now I like to be liked; or rather, it troubles me to be disliked. If people are not fond of me I welcome



Holloway
AT CHARLTON: SIR MERVYN AND LADY MANNINGHAM-BULLER AND THEIR DAUGHTER MYRA

Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller used to be in the Rifle Brigade and is a nephew of Sir Redvers Buller, the famous Boer War General, who had that troublesome job on the Durban side of the operations—Spion Kop, Ladysmith, etc. Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller served with the Rifle Brigade all through that show and rejoined for the Great War and fought till he was invalided out in 1916

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Lady (referring to carol singers): It's all very well for them to sing about no 'ell: they oughter live in our 'ouse

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

their indifference. Indifference is always restful, and does at least permit liberty of thought and action. But those among us—and often they appear to be in the majority—who go through life with their feet stuck straight out so that it becomes impossible not to tread on them at some time or another: these people are very difficult to cope with. You may suggest that they are better when ignored. But to ignore somebody deliberately is almost as trying as either to love or to hate him. Personally, I care not to which faith a man belongs, or even to none at all, so long as he respects my own to the extent that he does not always wish to make of me a convert against my will. Religion is at all times the subject of perfectly useless argument. So, too, are politics. So, also, is morality. Or rather, if one must argue about them, then let it be considered merely an exciting topic of "small talk"

which cuts no ice either way and goes no farther. There is no such thing as the One True Faith in any of these things, or rather, the One True Faith is the faith which one has found for oneself. Yours may contradict mine, or mine may controvert most of the beliefs which you yourself hold most dear. Whichever it may be, it really doesn't matter to our mutual regard—or should not do so. There are a million roads to every goal worth reaching, and it is much nicer to cry "Hail!" to other fellow-pilgrims than to throw a brick-bat at them. Brick-bats have always a nasty way of turning into boomerangs. And it is because Mr. Percy Colson, the author of a simple delightful book of travel—zigzag kind of travels—called "Please Take Me Next Time" (Nash and Grayson. 12s. 6d.) is so utterly without prejudice, or, what is even more exasperating, "uncritical awe" (to order), that I enjoyed every page of his book. He has travelled the Continent so often and so intimately that he is not afraid to speak his mind before the three-starred Wonders of the World (*vide* Baedeker).

Which, of course, makes the Beaten Track seem like a new road. Thus he makes chapters on Paris, Florence, Rome, the Riviera, Provence, Corsica, the Basque country, Siena, Assisi, Milan, to say nothing of French cooking and Italian wine, achieve new and amusing aspects—aspects, moreover, which, whenever my own experiences have crossed his, made me realize that the book is really a first-class guide in spite of the writer's denial that it is anything of the sort. I defy anybody to find the book devoid of interest, but it will interest most of all those who know their Europe from those vantage grounds other than a train, an hotel lounge, an escorted tour, and an official guide. The book is so delightfully *personal*.

Thoughts from "Please Take Me Next Time."

"The only way to travel intelligently is to surrender yourself as far as possible to the atmosphere of the country you are visiting, and to do exactly as you feel inclined to do."

"Most of us reap much as we have sown."

"There is no such thing as a life of unrelieved misery and hopelessness any more than there is one of flawless happiness. In every tragedy there is a touch of comedy, and tears are never far from laughter."

Please, Don't Take Me Next Time.

Especially I admire Mr. Colson for stating bluntly that which everyone who has travelled intelligently knows; namely, that no place is really enjoyed until all its sights have been visited and forgotten; then, at last, one can make up one's own sights, and these visions remain lovingly in the recollection long after the more official ones have joined the hallowed jumble of one's memory. "On the Track of the Crusaders" (Nash and Grayson. 15s.), by Ewart Barger, is a

very interesting travel book of sheer sights; indeed, it was such an unconventional exciting adventure that, apart from sights, all the rest of the time had perforce to be spent in finding cheap hotels with the fewest bugs, or, alternately, placating a never-ending stream of policemen and officials. These had to be encountered and parried by the author and his friend at almost every step of their adventurous journey from London to Budapest, Constantinople, Angora, Aleppo, Antioch, Damascus, Jerusalem, and so home by way of Cairo, Brindisi, and Italy. The young adventurers were only nineteen and twenty respectively, but what an experience was theirs; and how I envy them, providing I were either nineteen or twenty! With a little over fifty pounds in their pockets, a knapsack on their backs, these two youths set out to follow in the pathway of the old Crusaders. This interesting and well-written book is the story of their adventures, and what a curious story it is—a mixture of the beautiful and the bug-ridden, of freedom and the most bullied servitude! And then the



Chelsea: Are you interested in Art?
Elstree: Art who?

final enchantment of Jerusalem which, however, turned out a disillusion, but provided one of the most exciting episodes of the journey, because the author and his friend found themselves mixed up in the recent riots between Moslems and Jews, and were lucky to escape safe and sound. But not the least wonderful fact of this adventurous journey is that, out of the total expenditure between them of £58 18s. 10d., they brought back exactly 11s. 2d., and for this small amount they had seen peoples and countries which few travellers have the courage to face in the circumstances of their present state of dirt and isolation. After reading this account of their experiences I, for one, hope that soon the two of them will set out again, and I hope they will take me next time; but only as a reader of their narrative. One has to be so young to enjoy travelling uncomfortably; but if one be young, better, far better, to travel in discomfort than never travel at all. I take off my hat to these two modern Crusaders; they are the jolliest company.



SQUADRON-LEADER BERT HINKLER

From the portrait by Haydn Mackay

"It is a magnificent demonstration of the sterling qualities of British aircraft, aircraft engines, and British pilotage"—THE PRIME MINISTER

The Prime Minister voiced public sentiment when he said that which he did to Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler on his arrival at Hanworth Aerodrome last week after one of the most perilous flights that even this dauntless adventurer has accomplished. And this is said in face of all that Squadron-Leader Hinkler has done before—his magnificent flight to Australia for one. The outstanding feature of all that he has done is the complete lack of self-advertisement. There has been nothing of the press stunt about Hinkler's achievements—merely the fact of a brave man facing appalling danger in the fine cause of aviation. London made no delay about taking its hat off to him—and the whole world followed suit. At one time he was flying only 5 ft. above the water, at others he had to climb to 12,000 ft.; 1,900 miles of ocean flying and sighting only three ships all the way. Lord Wakefield's generous support is equally commendable, for without it the enterprise would have been difficult



Poole, Dublin

MRS. MARSHALL WITH
THE KILKENNY

On the day they met at the Master's (Major Dermot McCalmont's) house, Mount Juliet, where the kennels also are, Mrs. Marshall is justly rated one of the best women to hounds in all Ireland, which is talking "some."

who must be a champion piquet player, is credited with making a point of six. In spite of it all, there was more damning than damage, and a broken rib and a broken nose are the only interesting casualties. The latter is particularly annoying, as the débutante concerned is due shortly to take the floor in another way altogether, when it would be a pity to have your nose put out of joint; perhaps the dance will have to become a *bal-masqué*.

From the York and Ainsty

Owing to the pelting rain in the morning very few people turned up at Rawcliffe (South pack) on Thursday, 3rd. However, it came out fine when we commenced operations, to the discomfiture of those gentlemen who were mackintoshed on top and improperly dressed beneath. Mr. Tew had a fox at Moorlands, but it was an uneventful day, except, of course, our friend Doggo's effort at the gate.

The South met at Shipton on Saturday, the first meet I remember there for many years. The Overton Wood fox soon succumbed, but the next one, from the river bank at Beningbrough, took hounds a seven and a half-mile point before they caught him at Myton. Much of this was without the "field," who had to make a detour to get over the flooded Kyle beck.

Geoffrey made us welcome at Oxtun on Tuesday (8th), and also provided a fox in the stick-heap which gave us a nice hunt past Steeton to Copmanthorpe.

Incidentally, the said stick-heap was first prodded with long instruments which looked as if they had come from the stokehole of a liner, but which we were told had been made especially for this purpose.

From the Shires and Provinces—continued from p. 444

thereby killing, so to speak, only one bird with two stones. It was from the Evenlode Vale that one of the fastest thirty minutes took place that ever was seen, or in most cases that never was seen owing to the intervention of a nasty brook and a filthy fog, but although unable to see anything of this good hunt, we enjoyed listening-in.

Friday at Evenlode village, however, was the corker of the corkers. Seven miles of up-wind and wind-up; terrible pace and terrible obstacles; 50 per cent. fell, the majority once, some twice, one thrice, and one soldier,

From Warwickshire

It is very seldom that we have such splendid hunting weather as we have had during November, consequently sport has been above the average.

Monday, at Shennington, was foggy and too cold for scent, and Tuesday looked just the same. It was very thick when we arrived at Traitors' Ford, yet hounds ran all day. Our dog pack is just as good as the bitch pack this year, and have a tremendous drive and cry. The last time we ran off Brailles Hill half the field got lost in a blanket of fog, and were not in time to enjoy a very fast fifteen minutes from Spencer's Gorse—to ground in that rotten old bank three fields from Oxhill. Oh the falls! especially among the ladies (the brown cocktail was bobbing along for fields without his owner!).

Friday was one of those windy days on the hills at Epwell, when you would think no fox could face such a gale. We found a stout one in Framlingham Gorse and raced to Tysoe Dingle, a three-mile point, and we were all glad it was no farther as the horses were quite beat—except the black with his lady rider, who had such a prominent view all the way. (Again the brown cocktail saw a good bit of the hunt without his rider.)

From Lincolnshire

Although wind and rain spoil much hunting during the week the elements were in a more gracious mood on Saturday (December 5) and most packs then did well. Everybody was delighted to see Lord Barnby, M.F.H., at the Aubourn meet. It was his first appearance this season after long absence abroad. The first gallop



Howard Barrett

WITH THE BELVOIR: MR. C. MILLS. MRS. EGERTON,
AND CAPTAIN STEWART FOSTER

The day the Belvoir met at Landyke Lane, which is one of their best near-Melton trysts, and, not far from Holwell Mouth and Clawson Thorns, two well-known draws

from Wirelock Osiers was across an almost unrideable country in the Fens. Yawning watercourses and sticky ploughs took heavy toll of the field, but on an evening fox from Boothby hounds provided a regular pipe-opener for those who remained. He stood the strain gamely for fifty minutes and then, in the agony of his despair, squeezed himself under a chicken-house on the Heath. "Miles' Boy" said he had been there before. When bolted it was too dark to continue.

On the same day the Brocklesby afforded some excitement by hunting one of Squire Haigh's many foxes into the back yard of a cottage at Tetney, and "Mr. Charles" paid the penalty for his indiscretion.



Poole, Dublin

WITH THE KILKENNY:
HARRY BEASLEY

The famous jockey who is having a go with the Kilkenny this year—and a good judge too. This was taken the day they met at Mount Juliet, Thomastown



THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

By Olive Snell



Broadcast Good Health with this three-bottle gift box

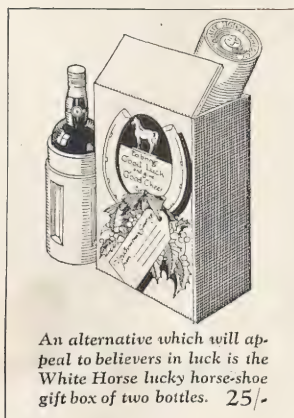
You cannot send your friends a more welcome present than the novelty three-bottle gift box of White Horse Whisky, popularly known as the "White Horse Three Valve." Good reception is certain because quality and purity are guaranteed.

PRICE IN THE U.K. 37/6

White Horse Whisky

Also obtainable in small handy flasks

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An alternative which will appeal to believers in luck is the White Horse lucky horse-shoe gift box of two bottles. 25/-



THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN AND THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran, one of Lord and Lady Ruthven's twin daughters, was married in 1929, and now her sister, the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, is engaged to Mr. Peter Davies, who is reputed to be Barrie's original inspiration for *Peter Pan*. Anyway, whether this is correct or not, Mr. Davies is one of five children to whom "*Peter Pan*" was dedicated. It has been said also that it was Peter Davies' brother George, who was killed in the War, who was Barrie's real "*Peter*." Lord Ruthven is the present Governor of Guernsey. The eldest of the four daughters is the Countess of Carlisle and the second the Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven



Photographs by Bertram Park, Dover Street

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Britannia of Billingsgate" and "Champion North"



FROM CHAR TO STAR

Mrs. Bolton (Miss Mary Jerrold) nicknamed "Britannia," at the film studio receives an offer of £50 a week from the picture-makers (Mr. John Boxer and Mr. Bobbie Comber), while Mrs. Wigglesworth (Miss Eileen Collins-James), Fred Bolton (Mr. Richard Littledale), and Mr. Bolton (Mr. Frederick Piper) revel in the prospect of money-for-nothing

"Britannia of Billingsgate" at the St. Martin's.

BEATS there in Billingsgate a heart so pure and fair as that of Maria Bolton, emblem of working-class respectability? In the film-studios where she charred daily they called her Britannia, because she was so typically English—sound, honest, and self-respecting. When the film-makers invaded her back parlour credulity could have swallowed a small part offer of £10 a week, but the price was £50 and the rôle was of the fattest—the mammy, no less, in *No Mother to Guide Her*. Can we believe that a search throughout the land could produce no professional actress capable of symbolizing the Perfect Mother? What about Miss Mary Jerrold herself?

Such dry dissection subjects the combined effort of Miss Christine Jope-Slade and Mr. Sewell Stokes to a bombardment beyond its armour-plating. *Britannia of Billingsgate* is bric-à-brac, to be handled lightly. Allowing Billingsgate its Bolton and Mrs. Bolton her translation to the heights of picture-making, remains that lady's unyielding negative before the fleshpots of Hollywood. Six thousand pounds for the first picture, villas in California for every member of her family, and a final salary to make the Garbo's look like 10 cents.

Mrs. Bolton wiped away her tears, remembered her umbrella, and walked calmly back into her kitchen. The two photographs over the mantelpiece and the scene being enacted before her eyes spoke for themselves.

Mrs. Bolton displayed these likenesses of a drunken father-in-law and a sister who had gone wrong to remind her that her husband, son and daughter were weak vessels. Their salvation lay in hard work and poverty. It was her mission in life to keep their

noses to the grindstone. But it did seem a shame not to take the money. Came the thought that the next day's papers—"Charwoman Film Star goes back to Work; Record Offer Declined"—would blow the gaff. On the other hand, something Mr. Bolton had abandoned fish-portering these many weeks and was giving his inherited thirst full play; Pansy, film-struck and dress conscious, had walked out of her hat factory; Fred was road-hogging to sin on a £45 motor-bike with the bad girl of the street on the pillion.

The play belongs to the theatre: Billingsgate is a thousand miles away and Hollywood a mere speck in stellar space. And yet in the characterization and the acting, which is polished and persuasive, there is a touch of terra firma; these Boltons do somehow seem to be alive. That a story to be told in the theatre can be described as "good theatre" is proof, at any rate, of its ability to entertain, and that *Britannia of Billingsgate* certainly does.

Miss Mary Jerrold's Mrs. Bolton, though hardly breathing the lowly air of Billingsgate, is a delicate, sincere, and delightful portrait. By adding Cockneydom to County Miss Jerrold annexes the whole preserve of *Mater Perfecta*. Miss Eileen Collins-James puckishly out-wiggles Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—a clever piece of wizened and wispy distortion. Mr. Bobbie Comber breezes through the American idiom, and Mr. Gilbert Davis as the Big



THE FILM STAR

Miss Leonora Corbett as the fatuous and peroxide Elf Russell



THE DECADENT DAUGHTER

Pansy Bolton (Miss Gabrielle Casartelli) tastes the sweets of affluent ease and runs amok



SARARANN

Miss Judy Hallatt as the twenny in "Champion North"

Noise from Hollywood is the real goods.

As the slattern-into-minx daughter, daubing her eyelids and sighing for a boy friend to "muck abaht with," Miss Gabrielle Casartelli, with an accent impeccable in its "refeened" cadences, hits off to the life one of the Lipstick Ladies who toil in factories in order that they may spin in the nearest Palais-de-dance. Miss Dorothy Dunkels plays the Bad Girl of the district with immense badness and allure—a most intelligent and spirited performance. Miss Leonora Corbett only half believes in the peroxide film star who talks like a caricature of a Bright Young Person. I look forward to seeing her in a part less artificial. Mr. Frederick Piper makes a presentably human weakling of the husband, and Mr. Richard Littledale as the son degenerates with the authentic humour and mannerisms of the local smarty Alec.

"Champion North" at the Royalty.

A nother entrancing exhibition of doomble-dom-dollikin senility by Mr. Horace Hodges, this time as a nonagenarian dog-fancier well set for his century; the appearance of two collies, one mature, the other in the ball-of-fluff stage, and a romantic story about a Bishop's son masquerading as a labourer, and a Squire's daughter sublimely deaf to the Oxford accent (or more accurately the Cambridge charm), that's *Champion North*. Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson's "comedy of Westmorland life" at the Royalty. It were easier to believe in Santa Claus than to fit the village of Farbiggin

into any known portion of clay-pipe and corduroy England. Nancy, offspring of a Tory squire, darts, hatless, in and out of Gaffer's back-parlour as if "the Hall" were just across the street. The captain of the village cricket-team, also hatless, drops in to deplore the absence of his demon bowler in blazer and white flannels; lest there be any mistake he carries a cricket bat. Gaffer's son, being elected Mayor, is never seen in anything but the cocked hat and chain of office. The Bishop's son, in a hiker's shirt and ploughboy's boots, arrives as lodger, armed with a spade wrapped up in brown paper, whereby to bury a scapegrace past



ADAM AND EVE AND A ROCK GARDEN

The Squire's daughter (Miss Diana Churchill) fails to connect her rock gardener (Mr. Leo Genn) with a college education

at Cambridge, and find the unknown school-girl who had captured his heart from afar. Denied all knowledge of the maiden's name and address until such time as he had earned his own living for a span, Patrick hired himself out to his divinity as a rock-gardener, kissed her and got slapped, produced the paternal gaiters (so to speak) and got married. From these manœuvres it may be discovered that the authoress is not ashamed to lean heavily on the arm of coincidence.

This guileless and guiltless piece is one of those "It-so-happened" affairs which reduces criticism to a series of mild "Tut-tuts." It "so happened" that Patrick's aunt and Nancy's school-ma'am were one; that he chose the soil of Westmorland above all others for his spade work; that when the village wanted a bowler he took 7 for 40 (and had to make a speech of thanks); that Bishops were Gaffer's *bêtes-noires*; that when the old man's prize collie was beaten by Irish Boy—well, who do you think "happened" to be the breeder of that conquering hero?

Even the radio caught the prevailing germ, obliging with "John Peel" and Ecclesiastes at the vital moment. Yet the piece, with its dogs—the sight of a dog on the stage is enough to send most audiences into a state of dithers—and its dialect has a homely charm and a kindly, disarming humour. Mr. Hodges' lovable ancient is perfection,

and Miss Evelyn Hope as his spouse, and Miss Judy Hallatt as the maid-of-all-work are endearing bumpkins. Mr. Leo Genn as the hero dissembles with charm and modesty, Mr. Arthur Young is amusing as the Mayor, and Mr. Campbell Logan achieves full rural witlessness. Miss Diana Churchill invests the Squire's daughter with tremendous gusto and girlishness.

"TRINCULO."



DARBY AND JOAN—AND "WESTMORLAND KING"

Joshua North (Mr. Horace Hodges at his oldest and best) comforts the wife of his bosom (Miss Evelyn Hope) on her sudden departure to hospital

THIS JUMPING GAME AT NEWBURY



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. GUY WESTMACOTT



LORD AND LADY ALLERTON (right)



LADY JOAN VILLIERS AND THE HON. MARCUS SAMUEL



MISS PAMELA ISMAY AND MISS C. OPPENHEIM



MRS. R. N. FAWCETT, MRS. R. L. FAWCETT, AND MR. FAWCETT AND MR. CURZON-HOWE



MRS. GORE AND MISS SYLVIA FORD

Heavy going and by no means "number one piece" weather was the portion of those who went to see people doing the dangerous at Newbury when these pictures were taken. Mr. Eric Platt, who everyone hopes will be coming racing again soon, was not on the premises to see his hard-pulling chestnut, Kingsford, win. He gives little Stott, or any other jockey, a very warm jacket, and probably catches a bigger hold than any other horse in training. Of those in the pictures the Hon. Mrs. Guy Westmacott is a sister of Lord St. Oswald, and her husband was formerly in the Grenadiers. Lord Allerton, a former Coldstream, is very well known in sporting Yorkshire, where his seat, Thorp Arch Hall, is. The Hon. Joan Villiers is a sister of the Earl of Jersey, and the Hon. Marcus Samuel is in the Warwickshire Yeomanry, a country in which his papa, Lord Bearsted, hunts, as he does also with the Bicester next door. The Fawcetts (official handicapper) were in force, as will be observed



EXCLUSIVE TO THE TATLER

AT MARSELISBORG CASTLE: THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERIK OF DENMARK
AND THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN

Marselisborg Castle is the summer retreat of Their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark and is at Aarhus. The Crown Prince Frederik was born at Sorgenfri on March 11 in 1899, and his younger brother H.R.H. Prince Canute at the same place in 1900, and both are tall like their father, King Christian X. The King ascended the throne in succession to his father, King Frederik VIII, on May 14, 1912. H.M. Queen Alexandrine was formerly the Grand Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and is the daughter of H.R.H. Frederik Francis III of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Royal marriage took place in Cannes in 1898



MLLE. JEANNE BOITEL

Lorelle Paris

A well-known actress of the "Second Théâtre Français," who has recently and very brilliantly taken to the talkies. She has played in "A Night at the Front" and "Le Grand Ecart," two quite noteworthy French productions. Jeanne Boitel is a beautiful brunette, but has gone "copper" for the sake of the silver screen

TRÈS Cher,—Having discovered that I had "put on" a cuppla pounds unwanted avoirdupois, I decided to be drastic about it. The second day of a straight diet of black-coffee-and-slice-of-pine-apple found me somewhat . . . well, "less fat" fits the case better than "slimmer"! It was on the third day, however, that troubles really began. In all the plays I went to, in all the films I saw, it seemed *un fait exprès*, everybody was eating! A wedding breakfast in Marcel Achard's screen version of his play, *Mistigri* (so adorably acted by Madeleine Renaud, whom you admired when in London, I believe in *Jean de la Lune*), at the Marigny Theatre; a dinner-party in Pirandello's comedy at the St. George's, and at the Théâtre de Paris, in *Fanny*, Marcel Pagnol's sequel to *Marius* (of unforgettable memory in England!!!!), a whole act takes place in the Bar de la Marine. At all the parties I looked-in-on the refreshments were even more succulent than usual, and temptation beset me wherever I went. Yesterday afternoon, therefore, I retired to bed with arrears of private correspondence and a pile of Christmas numbers I had not yet had time to glance through. Free from temptation at last, thought I . . . but *va te faire fiche* (if I may be allowed to say so!). Oh, those Christmas supplements and their luscious descriptions of Good Cheer, those mouth-watering photographs of Christmas dishes, those soul- (or tummy?) stirring recipes of marvellous *plats*, from the homely turkey, and its various attendant sauces, to the more elaborate suggestions of our modern Brillat Savarin, M. X. Marcel Boulestin! As I chucked the wretched things at the waste-paper basket and rang for more coffee and another filling slice of pineapple, I felt that St. Antony's little troubles were as nothing compared to mine.

For consolation I fell back on a volume of verses (and my pillows), "Ma belle Morte en Robe Verte," by M. l'Abbé François Ducaud-Bourget, and promptly forgot

Priscilla in Paris

my innards in the pleasure of reading the pages that began—

Il pleut doucement, lentement,
dans le chemin contre l'Isis.
Aux collèges fleuris se donnent les lectures.
Je suis seul dans le grand parc vide.
Au ciel atténué, des nuages paisibles.
Là-bas, Christ et Merton, dans le brume d'opale.
Ici, l'eau languissant où l'ondée remue
de petits sourires d'argent.

M. l'Abbé Ducaud-Bourget is the young priest I wrote you about last summer when he and his scouts camped next door to my farm on the island and proved to be such charming neighbours. I have rarely read a more eloquent description of the town of Dreaming Spires.

I next turned my attention (contrast being the salt of life) to Dorothy Burroughes' enchanting child's book—a splendid half-crown's worth for a Christmas present—written and illustrated by herself. "Jack Rabbit, Detective," the "Amazing Adventures of Little Brown Bear," and the "Journeys of Selina Squirrel," are charming additions to nursery bookshelves, and I keep them on mine (so far from the nursery, alas) for the sake of the sheer delight of Miss Burroughes' animal drawings.

* * *

After this I worked steadily through a pile of letters that have been waiting-to-be-answered for the last three weeks. Half of them had already answered



THE NEW "DOLLY SISTERS": VALA AND LAILA SAAD

Talbot

They are the latest hit on the halls in Paris, and are voted "ravis-santes," which means quite a lot. Some of the critics hail them as the successors of the "Dollies"

themselves, if you know what I mean! If one hates letter-writing one ought never to open one's correspondence till at least a fortnight after receiving it. One usually then finds that an answer is no longer necessary.

I was glad to hear from Tamara Swirskaya, however; she is the sylph-like Russian dancer of whom Toscanini (how many n's has that bloke got to his name, I wonder) once wrote that "she has the most musical body in the world" (I hope you have a nice mind, Très Cher, and that this won't make you think of the duchess whose rumblings abdominal were simply phenomenal). Tamara spent last summer in Italy where, at Pellanza, she had an enormous success with her dance recitals and she writes me from New York that, despite the *crise*, she is so busy teaching her many pupils the intricacies of the Rumba that she has no time for her music. She is, you know, a very fine pianist and has played in London.

From Madrid I hear that Argentina, who went there immediately after the Porcelain Ball in London, has been decorated with the order of Isabella la Catholique. This happened on the stage, after a marvellous reception from her country folk, and the order was pinned to her breast by the Leader of the present Cabinet. This is the first cross that has been awarded by the Spanish Republic.

* * *

A London friend whom I can trust waxes eloquent over the beautiful voice of Miss Betty Scott, who sang—I quote from the letter—Respighi's "Nebbie" and Coleridge Taylor's "Life and Death," with Osca Rasbach's "Trees" for an encore, *MOST divinely* at the N.S.L. concert on the 29th; my correspondent adds that "she ought to be heard in Paris." Well, I'm all for it, we can never have enough good singers; pending her voyage "in



MADAME MADELEINE RENAUD

The beautiful actress of the Comédie Française, who will be the Ophelia in the forthcoming production of "Hamlet" at that theatre. Madame Renaud has made a great name for herself on the talkies, notably in "Jean de La Lune." Her latest picture, "Mistigri," by Marcel Achard, is being shown exclusively at the Marigny, and has taken Paris by storm.

flesh and blood," however, I suggest that the B.B.C. might give us a chance to hear her. I am becoming a great wireless "fan," I am, and my new set is a wonder at getting G.B.

Another friend is anxious to know whether it is true that Rosie and Jennie Dolly are opening a night-club in Paris. I can only reply that, apparently, the same rumour has hit both London and Paris simultaneous-like! But if they DO, good luck to them. At present the newest *cabaret de nuit* is Pol Rab's Boîte à Matelots that Léon Volterra is opening to-night (Sunday! Well . . . it'll be Monday morning, really!) on the site of the old El Garon.

This is the *real* Boîte à Matelots—the Cannes one (there are a few imitations around Montmartre and Montparnasse, but they are as dirt under our Louis XV) that was such a success at Palm Beach this summer. The walls are hung with old fishing-boat sails, turquoise and brown and grey-white, patched and mended with contrasting colours and stamped with old marine inscriptions. Instead of the traditional night-club caviare-and-champagne, a true Southern fish soup will be served with a *coup de rouge* to keep it company.

All Paris will be there, the theatrical world well to the fore . . . featuring the oldest and the youngest stars actually *en vogue*. The former need not be mentioned, but the latter is little Mlle. Moussia, blonde, beautiful, and very, very charming to gaze upon (we are permitted to gaze "plenty"! but utterly devoid of talent, bless her. She is, in private life, Madame la Marquise de Breteuil. To see the bearer of such a grand old name, even if only by marriage, on the Concert Mayol stage is a bit jarring, but, *que voulez-vous*, it is a very beautiful sight.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



"MIS" IN "PARIS QUI BRILLE"

Talbot

There is here the most convincing evidence of the oft-mentioned fact that Mistinguett has the most beautifully-shaped legs in the world. They are also insured for a king's ransom. "Paris Qui Brille," at the Casino Theatre, is rated the hit of the Paris season so far.

NOT SO FAR TO TIPPERARY

Colonel Charteris' Shoot at Cahir Park



COLONEL R. E. MYDDLETON

A noted shot who lives in North Wales, but who did not find it at all a long way to Tipperary when there was the Cahir Park covert shoot to look forward to. Colonel Myddleton used to be in the Royal Artillery



A NEPHEW OF THE HOST

Major John Wynne-Finch, whose mother is Colonel R. B. Charteris' sister, with Mrs. Wynne-Finch and (right) Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny. The west side of the Kilkenny country adjoins the Tipperary



MR. HARRY BURROUGHES

For ten years Mr. Burroughes has rented the King John's wing of Lismore Castle from the Duke of Devonshire, and also part of the fishing on the famous Blackwater. His wife is a sister of Lady Musgrave

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Captain T. O. Jameson (see below) is the well-known Hampshire and England cricketer. He married the elder daughter of the late Sir Richard Musgrave of Tourin, and he and his wife are spending the winter at her old home



LIEUT.-COLONEL R. B. CHARTERIS AND LORD GREVILLE

The squire of Cahir Park is a very popular person in Co. Tipperary, and his shooting is deservedly famous. Colonel Charteris formerly commanded the Warwickshire Yeomanry. He is a member of the R.Y.S.

Captain Charles Moore (on the right), a neighbour of Colonel Charteris, was elected a Steward of the Irish Turf Club this year. His wife, Lady Dorothea Moore, is Lord Denbigh's second daughter



CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE



LADY DOROTHEA MOORE AND CAPTAIN JAMESON

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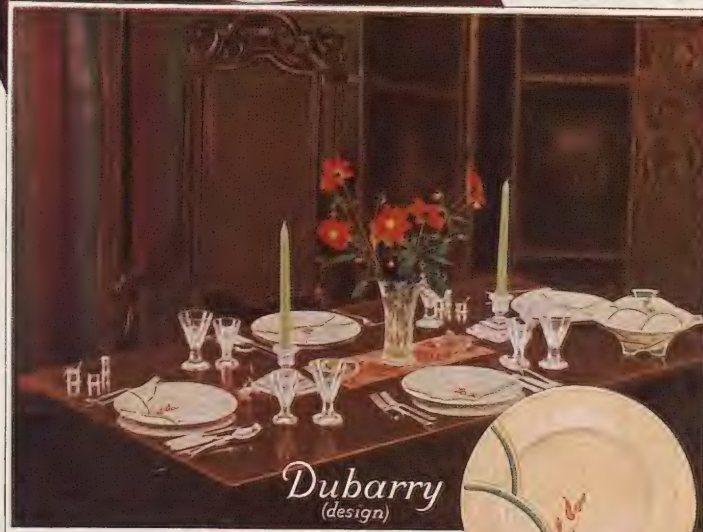
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SYREN (at bottom) tempts that tricksey jade, Appetite, by its vivid colours and quaint shapes.

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By Patrick

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The Butterfly Sisters, Selina and Claire,
Appeared in the "Grand Transformation";
They fluttered on tiptoe—all innocent glee—
And their tender affection was charming to see
As they curtsied with modest elation.

But alas for their smiles, so perfidiously sweet!
One Box of Abdullas was tossed at their feet
With a shower of cut-paper posies
They snatched—and they scratched—with so murd'rous an air
That the curtain was quickly rung down on the pair
Among blushing camellias and roses.

F. R. HOLMES.

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MLLE. MARIANNE FERENCZY, AND ABOVE



MLLE. FERENCZY IN HER CLEVER MAKE-UP



MLLE. ILA NEMETH, AND LEFT



MLLE. GIZELLA SAROSSY, AND IN CENTRE



MLLE. ILA NEMETH AS A BEARDED ANCIENT



MLLE. GIZELLA SAROSSY TRANSFORMED



MLLE. ANNA MATHONY'S QUICK CHANGE



MLLE. ANNA MATHONY, AND LEFT *Photographs by Angelo*

The person who conceived the idea of asking a number of beautiful young women to transform themselves at five minutes' notice into an equal number of quite unattractive-looking gentlemen was asking a good deal; but obviously he knew

what he was about, for the competitors rose nobly to the occasion. There was first a competition for Bathing Belles, and apparently it ended in a dead-heat between these four very attractive young people, as they all collected gold medals

SPORT AND SOCIETY



SHOOTING LORD WIMBORNE'S PHEASANTS: CAPTAIN OLIVER LYTTELTON AND LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON OUTSIDE ONE OF THE SHERWOOD LODGE COVERTS

Arthur Owen



IN NORTH WALES: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND THEIR SHOOTING PARTY. INCLUDED ARE COUNT AND COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, MR. AND THE HON. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS, AND MISS TERESA JUNGMAN

Lettson



ALSO IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: LADY WIMBORNE AND SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AT SHERWOOD LODGE

Arthur Owen



A CHARITY COMMITTEE: LADY HAMBRO, MRS. FRANK D'ARCY, MRS. HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN, LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSO, THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER, MRS. MACKLE

Next to fox-hunting covert shooting is one of the main sporting activities of the moment. Lord and Lady Wimborne have had several parties at Sherwood Lodge, among their recent guests being Captain and Lady Moira Lyttelton and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Captain Lyttelton, who used to be in the Grenadier Guards, is the son of the late the Right Hon. Alired Lyttelton. He married Lady Moira Osborne shortly after the European War. Anyone lucky enough to be invited to stay at Eaton is certain of being royally entertained. The other day the Duke and Duchess of Westminster took their house party over to shoot near Llangollen and lunched at the beautiful old Manor House, World's End. Countess Paul Munster was Miss Peggy Ward before her marriage. Mr. Loel Guinness is the new Member for Bath. The charity committee group had met together on behalf of the matinee held last Thursday at the London Pavilion to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The entertainment provided was the new British film "Dance Little Lady" adapted and produced by the Hon. Anthony Asquith

WITH THE QUORN AT BROOKSBY GATE

MR. PETER PAGET, MRS. MUIR, MISS REED, AND
MRS. LAWRENCE KIMBALLMRS. A. E. JENKINS AND THE HON.
MRS. FRED CRIPPS

LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H., AND LADY MANTON

MRS. W. E. LESLIE, MISS DIANA HARRISON,
AND MRS. K. O. GOLDIE

The Quorn have been having super-sport this season, and even if no one has any money they have managed to see quite a lot of life and of fun—the two things not always being synonymous. The pack has never been in better shape, and the Joint Masters both being as enthusiastic in the kennel as they are full of *élan* out of it, this happy result is not at all surprising. Sir Harold Nutting, the junior Joint Master, has worked like a team of horses, just as he did during his memorable Mastership of the Meynell—the longest modern individual incidentally—and both Major Burnaby and his really charming little wife are properly imbued with the belief that the best place in which to catch foxes is the kennel. No hound, no hunt, is as true a saying as no foot, no horse! Mr. Peter Paget, who is in the Greys, is the son of the late Mr. Edmund Paget, ex-Joint Master of the Quorn, who died in action (out hunting), and with Major Burnaby was responsible for that great old dog Safeguard, who has marked himself all through this and many another kennel. Mrs. Teddie Jenkins, who is seen with one of the best women over the grass, is Lady Brecknock's mother. Lady Harrington gallantly carried on her late husband's pack, and Lady Manton is a deserter from Warwickshire



TWO STUDIES OF HARRIET HOCTER

Who is appearing in "Bow Bells," John Murray Anderson's new revue which is due at the London Hippodrome on the 23rd. Harriet Hocter, an ex-Ziegfeld Folly and one of the most attractive blondes on the American revue and musical comedy stage, has come over specially to dance in it. She had a big success in New York in "The Three Musketeers" some little time ago and many other things. Notabilities in the cast include Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys, Billy Milton, Edwin Styles, Betty Frankiss, and André Randall. The book is by Ronald Jeans and Dion Titheradge and the music by Henry Sullivan

THE stranger entered the barber's shop with a little boy and asked for a hair-cut, shave, and shampoo.

"By the way," he said, after his toilet had been completed, "do you sell tobacco?"

"Sorry, sir, I'm afraid we don't," replied the barber, "but there's a tobacconist opposite."

"All right," said the customer. "I'll just slip across the road and get some. Meanwhile you can give the lad a hair-cut."

Twenty minutes went by and the barber began to get uneasy.

"Your father's a long time," he said at last. "I suppose he's coming back?"

"That wasn't my father," the boy replied. "That man stopped me in the road and asked me if I'd like a free hair-cut."

"Do you know, John," remarked John's wife, as he stumbled upstairs, "that I've been awake for hours waiting for you to come home from the club?"

"If that isn't just like a woman!" growled John. "And I've been at the club for hours waiting for you to go to sleep."

A tramp knocked at a cottage door and asked for food. The woman of the house recognized him immediately.

"But didn't you come here the other day, and didn't I give you a piece of my home-made bread?" she said sternly.

"That's right, mum, you did," replied the tramp with a grin.

"And you dare to turn up here again?" she snapped.

"Yes, mum; your bread was nothing to me. I used to be a sword swallower."

Bubble and Squeak

"Stick it another round!" whispered the second encouragingly. "Remember that the bloke in the other corner feels worse than you do."

"If he feels worse than I do," muttered the battered one, "I've won!"

At a dinner-party a man who was completely bald found himself seated next to a very pretty girl. During the course of the meal the girl accidentally dropped her handkerchief while talking to the diner on her other side. The bald one gallantly foraged for it under the table and, in the course of his manoeuvres, he touched the lady on the arm, whereupon she turned round, shook her head, and murmured, "No melon, thank you."

The second officer was upbraiding a seaman for his bibulous habits.

"Just think, Jones," he said, "if it wasn't for your weakness for rum you might have been a second officer like me, instead of just a sailor before the mast."

"Stow that stuff!" answered Jones, gruffly. "When I'm drunk I'm an admiral."



A woman motorist was driving along a country road when she saw two repair-men climbing a telegraph pole.

"Fools!" she exclaimed angrily to her companion, "they must think I've never driven a car before."

One Sunday, after the second round, two golfers returned to the club-house, one looking very savage, the other roaring with laughter. Several members crowded round the latter to ask what the joke was. At last he explained: "For the last three holes," he said, "the Major was infuriated with the Salvation Army band in the village, which we could hear most distinctly. On the eighteenth tee he was pressing for a terrific drive and completely missed the ball. And at that precise second the band struck up, 'Abide with Me'!"

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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

AS no doubt many fox-hunters will have noticed, the Baron (Reuter) has recently announced as "news" that some clever chemists have invented a synthetic scent. I cannot bring myself to believe, and I am sure that many a Master of hounds will be unable to do so likewise, that this is anything really new. The numerous instances in which fancy has outworked Nature in regard to the perfume, or effluvia, of the vulp are too well known to need any stressing.

* * *

Another clever thing is this discovery in Tanganyika of a thing called a *chalicotherium*, which, they say, is a great herbivorous animal something like a horse, but with peculiar "universal" joints to its feet. But why try to make us believe that this is anything new? These scientific gentlemen have only got to keep their eyes open any day in any hunting country to see droves of *chalicotheria*, and if they listen hard enough in the gateways they may hear a few unexpurgated descriptions of them by people who make no claims at all to be scientists.

* * *

The urgent call for wolf-slayers to wage war on the packs which are doing so much damage in the sheep-slaughtering line in the Apennines, tells us yet once more that things change very slowly. The wolf is just as uncomfortable a problem in Italy as he was in those days when Horatius kept the bridge, and the farmer in the Apennine ranges and his family snugly assembled round the good logs of *Algidus* roaring loud enough to drown the tempest's din, listened to the long howling of the wolves amidst the snow. I think it is a bit lucky that these wolves stop at sheep. They do not always, and are quite as partial to babies as they were in the days of faithful Beth Geleert. In less civilised places than the Apennines they are a definite menace to human life, and they do a little more than their bit in India in this direction. The lone wolf, so far as I remember, was the bigger operator in India, though, as in other parts of the world,



Yvonne

THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER AND HER SON, PATRICK

Lady Chichester was on the Committee of the Invalid Children's Association, in aid of which a film entitled "The Soul of Jenny Pearl," adapted by Mr. Anthony Asquith from Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival," was presented at the London Pavilion on December 10. The Hon. Lady Chichester is the daughter of Lord and Lady Deramore



Crompton

HIGH PEAK HARRIER THRUSTERS (IN THE MAKING)

On the ponies are David Stuart and Peter Baillie, the son of the Hon. George and Lady Maud Baillie (the Master), and on their feet are Elizabeth Cavendish, Michael Baillie, John Stuart, Judith Baillie, and Anne Cavendish. Lady Maud Baillie is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the Hon. George Baillie is Lady Burton's son and heir

he is quite fond of hunting in packs as is his first cousin, the Indian wild dog, who is an artist at it, and pursues his quarry: sambhur, nilgai, blackbuck, or whatever it may be, most scientifically. I am not sufficient of a naturalist to know what sort of nose these wild dogs have, but pretty good I should think. Their friend, the wolf, has a wonderful nose, and both species can stay for ever, and never give you the impression that they are really galloping. Many people have tried to ride down a wolf and kill him with a hog-spear, but I have never heard of anyone who has managed to do it. He will outstay any horse, and always seems to be able to pull out a bit of speed whenever an effort is made to rush him.

* * *

"The Foxhunters' Year Book," of which a copy has been kindly sent to me by the May Fair Press, is one of the most useful publications anyone who goes out fox-catching can want, and I congratulate both the compilers and the publishers upon having produced it. It does not steal our old friend "Baily's" thunder, but it is a most valuable reinforcement, and speaking as one whose job it is to take this healthy pastime on professionally, as may be said, I want them both and shall always do so. These little maps in the "Foxhunters' Year Book" of almost every country in England are, to me, of the greatest value, principally because I have to go to so many strange countries, and in the ordinary way the various trysts are not specially marked. In this good book they are all numbered so that you can put your finger on the spot in a moment. The Irish and Scottish hunts are not honoured by having maps, which, I think, is a pity, especially in the cases of countries like the Meath, Kildare, Blaziers, Kilkenny, and in Scotland the fine Buccleuch domain and the Eglinton. The book excludes Stagers, Harriers, Draghounds, Beagles, and so forth, but it embraces lists of all the foreign hunts in the world, some of which are harrier packs pure and simple. It is a book every fox-hunter has got to have as a little addition to anything else he may possess in this line.

(Continued on p. viii)



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THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS

A recent snapshot at Dartmouth Naval College, where the Prince is being educated with a view to entering the British Navy, unless events in Spain take a turn, when, of course, the Prince might have other arrangements made for the heir-apparent to the throne of Spain

will be no complaints. Gardner, by the way, is now a groundsman at Keyham College, Devonport, and to his coaching the recent success of the R.N.E.C. side is partly to be attributed.

It is the back row of the scrummage that will cause the selectors most trouble. It seems strange that with almost every other forward in the country claiming to be a winging expert there should be a scarcity of players fit for

A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

NEXT Saturday, December 19, is a day big with fate in the Rugby world. We in England are more immediately concerned with Twickenham, where England meet the Rest in the last trial before the International game with South Africa. If the match proves to be as useful to the selectors as the first trial at Coventry, no one will have any right to complain.

In that game it was definitely proved that Midland forwards without George Beamish are a very different proposition from Midland forwards with the aforesaid George. They began fairly well at Coventry, only to be worn down and finally mastered by the west countrymen in the South pack. Though some of them will take part in the final trial, it will be a surprise if any of them wear the blameless white of England on January 2.

Prophecy, about Rugby especially, is always dangerous, but the English front rank will probably consist of the three men of Devon, E. Stanbury, who is wearing wonderfully well, R. H. Sparks, and H. Rew, who is not so venerable as he looks. Behind them one expects to see R. G. S. Hobbs, a much improved Army forward, and C. Webb, a Marine, and if he is as efficient as the last Marine who played for England, E. R. Gardner, there

the England side. But so it is, and a Voyce or a Blakiston would be worth his weight on any standard you like. R. Bolton of Wakefield was the fastest forward on the ground at Coventry, but he hardly seems robust enough for the job. G. C. Falla of the Navy is receiving careful instruction, and with his natural pace and dash may gain one of the three places. Another possible candidate is P. W. P. Brook, the Light Blue and Harlequin, who has already played twice for England.

The England halves will depend on this next trial, for B. C. Gadney did not improve his chances at Coventry, where he was distinctly out-played by the little Bristol man, C. B. Carter, as soon as the North forwards had shot their bolt. W. H. Sobey will start first favourite, but he does not as a rule shine in rain and mud, and A. Key of the Old Cranleighans is not out of the running.

C. Slow, the Northampton boy who leaped into fame against the Springboks, is a pretty good player who may come on a lot, but at Coventry the sturdy and imperturbable Roger Spong, so strangely neglected most of last season, was easily the more effective. Spong is such a determined trier both in attack and defence that he has a fine chance of again playing for England.

A. L. Novis must surely be a certainty for England; it is a thousand pities that he has to play so much mid-week football; it must be very difficult for him not to get stale. His three companions in the third line will doubtless be chosen on Saturday's form, and perhaps R. A. Gerrard, the old Taunton boy now playing for Bath, is as likely a candidate as any because of his resolute tackling, whilst he also knows the way over the line.

Another old Tauntonian, R. Jennings, now the hero of Redruth, may come in at full-back; he was very good at Coventry after he had once settled down. He is a powerful tackler and a splendid kick, who places lots of goals. Taken all round this year's England side should certainly be stronger than last year's, but whether it will be equal to the task of defeating the Springboks is another matter.

The South Africans are heartily to be congratulated on their defeat of Wales, despite the most adverse conditions. At half-time it looked as if the home side had the match in their pockets, but they signally failed to hold the lead they had gained. Mistaken tactics apparently had a lot to do with the defeat, and Wales had to rest content with their single try, the only one they have ever scored against a South African side.

Ireland, led by the irrepressible George Beamish, no doubt hope to improve on the Welsh display, and there is no reason

why they should not. Despite the retirement of Mark Sugden, their scrum half of nearly thirty caps, and one of the *preux chevaliers* of Rugby, they have a powerful side, and one which should be well together. The Ulster match of Saturday last should have taught them something, and if their forwards can stay the course—as they usually do nowadays—they should give the Springboks lots of trouble. Whether their back division is good enough to win remains to be seen.



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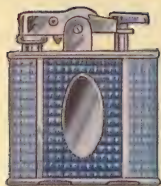
A group taken at Cirencester last week, in which the names, left to right, are: Standing—A. McTaggart, C. H. S. Ridout, J. Maclean, A. H. B. Childs, W. C. K. Stracey, E. R. Evans, G. T. Bailey, E. Shaw; sitting—H. E. Wells, R. G. Kirkwood (hon. sec.), G. M. S. Redmayne (captain), P. J. Owen Trist, K. Wells; on ground—G. C. SOWELS, L. PARFITT

W. Dennis Moss



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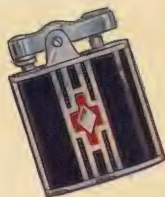
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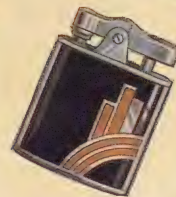


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WHISKY

THE "SALLY AGAIN"

By PHILIP MACKENZIE

JOSHUA PRINGLE, master mariner, tilted his weather-beaten cap on to the back of his head and pulled his fore-lock ruefully. Those who knew him well would have recognized this action at once as betraying the fact that the captain was thinking deeply. Among the members of his crew that gesture had been regarded rather as a warning sign. It showed that the "old man's" mind was working at more than its usual leisurely pace, and quick thinking by the skipper always meant quick movement for the crew.

But now there was no crew to look at him apprehensively. There would never be a crew again. His old ship, the *Sally Again*, lay moored a little distance out in the stream. She would never go to sea again, for she had been superannuated by the surveyors. She would lie there for a few months, and then take her turn with the ship-breakers.

All this Captain Pringle brooded over as he tugged at his fore-lock. The *Sally Again* was finished. So was he. He was too old to start again, and besides, he could not imagine himself going to sea in any ship but the old *Sally Again*. In her he felt that he was losing an integral part of himself. Yes. He was finished too.

His stocky figure seemed to bow slightly as he came to this conclusion, and to sway a little despite the sturdy, wide-apart legs which had become so accustomed to bracing themselves against the roll and heave of a ship that they were now for ever braced, even against the queer dead feeling of dry land.

Well, this was the end. He held the past in review as he gazed over the water at his beloved ship. The twilight was fading and softening all outlines, but even in that merciful light the *Sally Again* was no beauty. She was empty of cargo and ballast, and she seemed to sit upon the water uncomfortably. Her side was a sheer expanse of rust. Her super-structure was a crazy erection, built without any thought but stark utility. Her single, spindly funnel stood out sharply against the evening sky. Her two masts with their derricks and tangle of gear looked like last year's maypoles. She was certainly not beautiful, but he loved her with the staunch devotion which grows upon a seaman for the ship in which he has sailed for many years.

They had had a crowded life—he and the old ship—but it was over now. What was he to do with the evening of his days? He had no ties. There was no family for him to think of and he had only one real friend. That was Joe Loam, who had been his first mate for forty years and was now acting as ship-keeper on board the old ship. He was certainly no tie. No—there was nothing—no anchor of any sort to which he could moor. Yes, his roving days were done. He was old, and he felt that it would be breaking faith to go to sea in any other ship.

Very slowly Captain Pringle turned away and took a few steps up the jetty. Then he turned again. No—he could not do it. He could not leave it all. Not just yet at all events. Not until it was quite dark and he could no longer see anything of the *Sally Again*. He came to rest against a bollard, and back went his cap and he tugged at his fore-lock as if to tear it out by the roots.

Night had fallen before he moved again, but then he moved with surprising quickness. He had come to a decision. He would row off to the ship and see Joe. There was a boat alongside the jetty. He would take that. He and Joe could have a yarn over old times. That would be infinitely better than going back to the dreadful lodgings in which he had had to



Loam seized the spokes of the use-less wheel and Pringle pushed the handle of the engine-room telegraph to "half speed ahead"

instal himself. Joe at least would understand, and no landlubber could.

With an agility altogether surprising in a man of his years he swung himself into the boat and cast off the painter. With smooth, strong strokes he sent the boat skimming over the water to the dark shadow which was the ship. It was blowing from the south-west. There would be a nasty sea running outside, he reflected, sniffing at the wind. Then he laughed, an abrupt bark of a laugh which held no mirth but a world of bitterness. "A nasty sea outside." As if that mattered! He would never be outside a harbour again. He was in port for good now. Laid up. Useless.

He made the boat fast to the rope's end which dangled over the stern and swarmed up to the counter. The name stood out sharply close to him as he laid his hands on the lower rail. "*Sally Again*—Southampton." With a renewed bitterness the aptness of the name struck him for the first time. *Sally Again*. They had always sallied forth again—he and she—undaunted by any set-back. But now the end had come at last. They would never see open water again.

A thrill went through him as he stood on the after-deck beside the great wooden hand-steering wheel, and again his hand went to his fore-lock.

He found Joe Loam in the tiny saloon. He was sitting motionless, staring at the red embers of the tiny fire in the stove. His gnarled old hands were clasped between his knees. He had the appearance of having sat thus, without moving a muscle, for hours on end. He did not even look up as Pringle entered. Pringle had always been his skipper, but that was over now, and besides, the two were friends first and last. There was no disrespect in his lack of greeting, only the understanding born of long association.

Pringle sat down in silence beside him, unconsciously dropping into the same position as the other. They sat thus

(Continued overleaf)

for several minutes before either of them moved. Then Loam slowly removed the ancient briar from his mouth and knocked it out against the stove.

"Thought you'd come?" he remarked slowly.

There was a pause before Pringle replied. Then: "Yes. I couldn't stick the 'beach.'"

"It's all right for a spell, but it seems mighty different when one knows one is never going to sea again."

There was a long silence before the skipper spoke again, but when he did so there was a note of suppressed excitement in his voice.

"I've been thinking . . ." Another long pause. "I can't see any reason why I shouldn't go to sea again."

Loam looked quickly at him. "But I thought you. . . . Well, somehow I didn't think you'd ever go to sea without the old *Sally*."

"I won't; but what's to stop me going in her?"

"How can you? The Board of Trade have condemned her. You'd be arrested before you were fairly out of the Solent."

"You don't get my meaning. I think I can do it."

"How?"

"What's to stop me slipping the cable and dropping down on the ebb to-night?"

"What? With no steam an' no crew an' no stores or provisions of any kind. You're mad."

"Maybe. But the old *Sally Again* is finished, and so am I. It's blowing hard outside. Why can't she and I drift out and come to a decent end together? 'Twould be better than the ship-breakers for her and slow rotting for me."

"Oh."

Fully ten minutes elapsed before either spoke again. Then Loam muttered the word "mad" several times with queer intensity. At last he straightened his back. "I'm finished too," he announced in an expressionless voice.

"I can manage by myself all right."

"Maybe, but I'm finished too. I can't live on nothing, and I can't earn money ashore. What's more, I'm too old to go looking for jobs in strange ships. No. I'm coming too. It's mad enough, God knows, but at least it'll be a clean end to everything—if we can get out all right. If we are spotted and caught we shall be towed in again, and as like as not you and I will rot in an asylum."

"I know. But we ought to do it easy. The tide is starting to ebb now. In another half-hour it will be running three knots. We'll have no lights, and no ships come up the Solent on the ebb. Once outside it will be up to the wind and sea. She is so light that she may capsize. If she doesn't the Needles are sure to get her."

Pringle spoke as a skipper arranging for the departure on another voyage rather than as a man embarking upon an unusual suicide pact.

"It will take us close on half an hour to unshackle those cables."

"Come on then."

"Aye aye, sir." There was no trace of mockery in the sudden change of Loam's manner. Here was a job to be done and Pringle was captain of the ship. He followed his skipper on to the fore-castle and set to work about the great cables. To a stranger the old-fashioned fore-castle would have been a nightmare in the pitch darkness, but Pringle and Loam knew every seam and eyebolt. They worked as surely and speedily as if it had been broad daylight.

One bridle came off easily enough, but the bolt of the other shackle jammed and the tide was running at its strongest before they had freed it, and the cable rattled out of the hawse-pipe and fell into the water with a splash. The *Sally Again* was free once more.

Without a word the two men clambered up on to the little "monkey's island" of a bridge. Loam seized the spokes of the useless wheel and Pringle pushed the handle of the engine-room telegraph to "half speed ahead." The fiction was to be enacted with full honours. "Hard a-port," ordered the captain. The wheel spun round. "Helm's hard a-port, sir," Loam reported.

Steadily the ship dropped down towards the open sea. The two men on the bridge kept a sharp look-out. Gone was all the hopelessness which had clouded their faces an hour since. Now they were keenly alert—and they were happy.

The tide was running like a mill-race, and soon they were being swept round the corner which is Calshot Castle. "Port a bit more, Loam. Steady her south sixty-two west," ordered Pringle.

A moment later came the report: "Steady, sir. Course south sixty-two west, sir."

Already the *Sally Again* was beginning to feel the weather. Dangerously light as she was, she was lifting considerably even to the small remnants of the big rollers which found their way into the Solent, and the wind, had it been on her beam, must certainly have driven her ashore. As it was, however, it retarded her progress, but she was still tide-borne and steadily approaching the open sea.

As the brilliant flashing light of the Needles came abeam on the port hand the ship began to feel the full force of the gale. Captain Pringle, bracing himself against the motion of the ship, rapped out the order, "Starboard twenty-five. Steady on south forty-five west." Loam duly reported the ship steady on her course despite the fact that she was yawing about wildly, helpless in the grip of the wind and sea. The captain was shaping an imaginary course for Ushant and the South. So be it. The game was to be played out in style. The old *Sally Again* would die in harness as both men felt that her spirit wished to do.

The seas were terrific, and the motion of the ship, unbalanced as she was, was so rapid and irregular that it seemed inevitable that she should capsize at any moment. But somehow she staggered back from each sickening roll. Meanwhile they were steadily being driven on towards the deadly rocks of the Needles. The men could make out the dashing surf only a few hundred yards ahead. They could almost hear it above the roaring of the wind and the crashing of the seas as they broke over the *Sally Again* fore and aft.

The captain and mate stood hanging on to the crazily swaying bridge, looking out through the sheets of flying spume at what was certainly their doom. No man could hope to live for a moment in such a sea.

Suddenly there was a rending, grinding crash. The ship had struck, and by some amazing chance she had struck bows on.

Captain Pringle jerked the engine-room telegraph to full speed astern and laughed. There was pure joy in that laugh, and he was joined by Loam.

There, on the jerking, swaying bridge, the two men shook hands without a word. Then Pringle waved his hand towards the bows and shouted above the roaring of the gale, "See how she took it—bows on—game old *Sally Again*."



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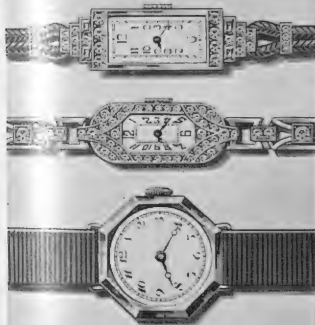
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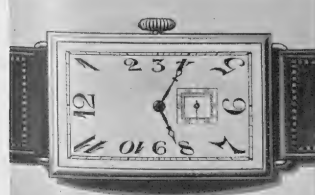
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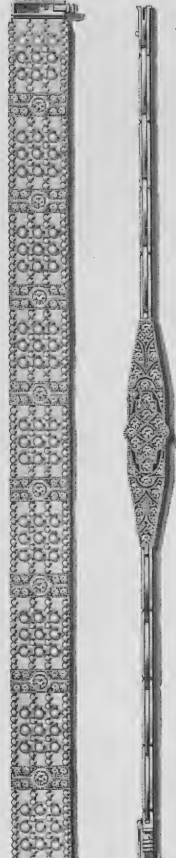
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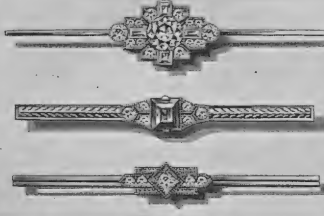


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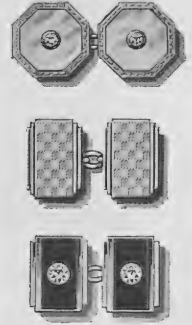
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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON



AT THE YORKSHIRE AVIATION BALL AT HARROGATE

A. ARNOLD

A group taken at this cheery show at the Hotel Majestic last week, where everyone enjoyed themselves tremendously

The names, left to right, are: Front row—Miss M. Richardson, Mrs. J. R. Micklethwait (private owner), Captain H. V. Worrell (instructor), Mrs. L. Hey; back row—Mr. J. R. Micklethwait (private owner), Mr. L. Hey (private owner), Mr. G. W. Garnett (private owner), Mr. I. Maclean, Mr. G. H. Ambler (private owner), Mr. J. N. Armstrong (secretary), Mr. H. A. Love (in charge of the National Flying Services at Hull), Mr. P. K. Stead (treasurer), Mr. B. E. Moody (assistant instructor). Mr. Moody received a presentation during the evening from the club, as he was to be married on December 8 to Miss Joan Watson, daughter of Lady Samman and step-daughter of Sir Henry Samman, Bart.

Small Troubles.

I HAVE most carefully noted that on every occasion within the last few years (not that I can complain that there have been very many of them) on which untoward motoring incidents have occurred, I have been in the very dooce of a hurry or, in some other way, in an ill posture to deal with them. For example, my last three wheel changes have had to be performed in wet and darkness and when I have been garbed unsuitably for this sort of job. No doubt the same thing happens to everyone else, but I suppose it is natural that each of us should think that we are the sole target at which an evilly-disposed fate aims its damaging arrows. T'other night, hurrying home, I found the narrow road blocked by a formidable pine tree that Boreas or Auster (I forget which) had laid flat. Because I was hasty, and also because my tail lamp is of the kind that affords nothing but the smallest dark-room glimmer, I contrived to get a back wheel into a ditch that I had confidently thought was a good, firm foot-path. In five years I must have been past this spot two thousand times at the fewest . . . and I was certain there was a foot-path. Well, after all, my luck was not so badly out, for another car quickly gave me a lift to near-by help, and I was very soon under power again. I proceeded with two very strong impressions in my noddle. One was that all (bar myself) concerned with the stoppage were definitely convinced that "trees ought not to be allowed in such positions that they could block a road if they fell." I could hardly believe my ears, but it was a mournful thing. It showed that a certain fraction of modern motorists (or car-owners, which is not quite the same thing), and probably a much larger fraction than is generally supposed, has no use for the road as an end, but simply wants it as a means. It demands that the highway shall be made as close as possible an imitation of a railway

track or a Grand Trunk Canal, with huge width everywhere, all bends straightened out, and every item of scenic interest carefully removed. These people, to a large extent, are getting their demands satisfied, and I hope they like the results, but for my own part I am glad that national hard-upness is putting the brake on such unromantic developments. For myself I would far sooner have, now and then, to suffer the loss of time (and the potential danger) caused by a fallen (or falling) tree than have all roads like the Great West. The second impression (also mournful) was that, whilst it is pleasant to know that the Ministry of Transport is not for the present to interfere with our lighting regulations, it might well slip in a little by-law making it legal to have a reversing light such as is fitted on practically all trans-atlantic cars. I am not seeking to excuse my own error of judgment, but such a lamp is demonstrably both useful and harmless. As a matter of fact, some tail lamps, which I rather suspect to be on the border line of legality, do throw a fair amount of illumination, but I think they are exceptional. Once upon a time I had a really hectic experience with trees in a snow blizzard. An enormous elm, about 6 ft. in diameter, sans blague, walloped down with a thunderous crash behind me, and a few seconds later another of about the same size did the same thing about a hundred yards ahead. This was funny enough, but what was even funnier was that several miles of telegraph wire promptly curled and sprang from two directions at once and surrounded my little Morris Oxford in a cocoon of hard-drawn copper. With great labour I cut all these entanglements with the pliers and took them home as a trophy—for which I hope the G.P.O. have long since forgiven me, for they came in very handy in the garden. And on this occasion, too, my luck was in, for the second tree came down so that it formed a triumphal arch through which I could, in some little trepidation, just squeeze. After that another cocoon had to be cleared . . . and so safely to my destination. But I must confess that sometimes in my dreams I have seen a small car looking pathetically

(Continued on p. xiv)



WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DIGBY

A snapshot on the day the Cottesmore met at Loddington Mill. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Digby is a daughter of Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield. The Hon. Robert Digby is Lord Digby's brother

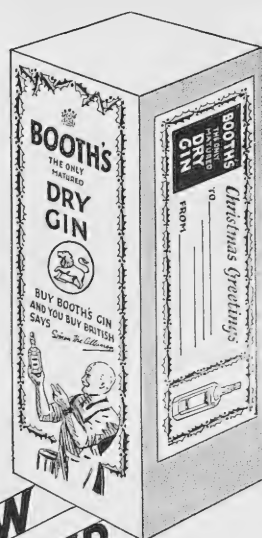
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SAYS SIMON THE CELLARMAN



Miss V. Bramwell, the Gloucestershire champion, talking to Miss Mary Beard (right), the first holder of the new South-Western Championship

walking to the caddy-shed, playing to the neighbouring hole, must be looking at her; whereas, in reality, the people in the club-house are no doubt looking at the papers, discussing their neighbours' clothes or their own golf; those walking to the caddy-shed are only wondering whether they will have the boy who knows instinctively whether they should play a spared number three or a full bang with a mashie; whilst the players actually tackling another hole have quite enough problems of their own without considering what the poor novice is doing somewhere else. If the eye of any such novice should light upon this page, may I try to assuage her fears by an assurance that nobody will look at her however often she misses the ball, and that thinking of other people, instead of the ball, is the most certain recipe for missing it.

The days of complete beginnerhood left behind, a good many golfers are still absurdly self-conscious if they play a stranger, particularly if that stranger be one of a famous name. There have been championship entrants so foolishly self-conscious that they would dearly have liked to scratch rather than stand up to a match against one of the tigers, though when they were actually at the business they found that the tiger had no teeth and made them thoroughly enjoy the time spent in being beaten by her. Even higher up in the golfing world than that there are players whose self-consciousness takes the form of wondering all the time what unkind things somebody or other may be saying about them and their game. To them there is only one thing to be said and that is, don't do it. Your fellow golfers have something better to do than to pick holes in you or your game; get on with the job and never mind what anybody says.

Self-consciousness, however, persists throughout the career of most golfers, and I venture to think that in some form it is actually a very useful adjunct to a championship player. I can picture a good many argumentative folk flying at my throat for that statement. But I mean what I say. The self-consciousness

EVE AT GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

I SUPPOSE there are times when everybody is self-conscious, in other words, uncomfortably aware that somebody is looking at them and criticizing. (The criticizing is the real crux of the matter.) At golf the disease, if it be a disease, becomes acute. The veriest beginner, who has considerable difficulty in making club-head and ball ever meet each other, suffers from an obsession that everybody in the club-house,

which apprehends criticism because anybody looks at you, and concerns itself with that criticism is, of course, a thoroughly destructive state of mind; but the self-consciousness which merely says, "Somebody is looking at me, therefore I must make the best of myself, I refuse to appear a fool," is really the constructive quality of self-respect and a most helpful prop in moments of stress.

To stigmatize a golfer as conceited because she plays better to a crowd is a really unjust, puss-puss attitude of mind. No doubt in an ideal state we should all play just as perfectly for the pure delight of a thing worth doing well done, if we were practising alone as if we were playing before a thousand spectators, just as we are always told that a true artist would produce immortal pictures or poems quite regardless of whether anybody looked at them or read them.

Personally I cannot help feeling that there is often a good deal of rubbish talked about Art for Art's sake until it becomes a mere cloak for selfish isolation. What is a picture for except to

be looked at, or a poem except to be read? and if we cannot play all the better golf because somebody is there to take pleasure in our doing so, or who will be disappointed if we make a mess of it, then we seem to be lacking in *noblesse oblige*.

It comes down to it that there are two types of players: the one who, on seeing a crowd says, "Here are people watching, I must put my best foot foremost"; and the other who, on seeing them, says, "Here are a lot of critics; I suppose they are all saying what a bad player I am." It is the optimist and the pessimist over again, only the optimist must be mixed with a good healthy grain of grit which rises to the occasion rather than allows itself to be overwhelmed by it. One rather fancies that the greatest golfers have won their cham-

pionships in front of crowds, not because they could disregard them, but because they were stimulated by them.

No doubt self-confidence, which is the right form of self-consciousness, comes largely with experience. It is of little use to the bad putter suddenly confronted with a crowd to say, "There is somebody looking on, I must hole this putt." She is much more likely to think, "They all know I'm a bad putter, I'm sure to miss it." But if she is a good putter the presence of a few spectators who look upon it as a certainty that she will hole the putt will help her to do so. Witness, for example, how much better a good putter putts in a foursome where she has a partner to please than she does in a single where the putt matters only to herself. That does not come, as a cynic would

suggest, from disbelief in the partner's power to sink the next putt if she does not putt it stone dead, but from this very quality of self-consciousness which we are arguing about, so that the moral seems to be—increase your ability and you will increase your self-respect. What one should say to the player who has ability and yet has no self-consciousness is beyond me; perhaps some psychologist will kindly step in.



Lady Caroline Agar, an enthusiastic member of the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association. Her handicap is nineteen



Lady Oxford registering determination in a bunker. She played a lot of golf at North Berwick in the autumn



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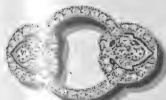
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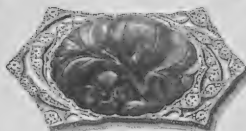
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AD
V
S
E

XMAS GIFTS-

by M.E. BROOKE.

During the Christmas and New Year festivities a simple, well-planned lunch with appropriate wines is sure to be welcome. The one portrayed at the base of this page has been prepared by Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. With the Whitstable oysters Clos de la Seigneurie (White Burgundy) would be served, also with the sole *grillé* Maître d'Hotel; with the roast pheasant Château Margaux, vintage 1927 (Red Bordeaux); Premier Grand Vin, cru classé, a fine light delicate wine. Apricot Condé would be followed by coffee and brandy; Grande Fine Champagne, vintage 1865, followed by port "Old Mahogany," a dessert wine matured for many years in Lodge casks at Oporto. To all interested in the subject they would be pleased to send details of their gourmets' banquet, consisting of many courses with the correct wines and their years, which is of importance.

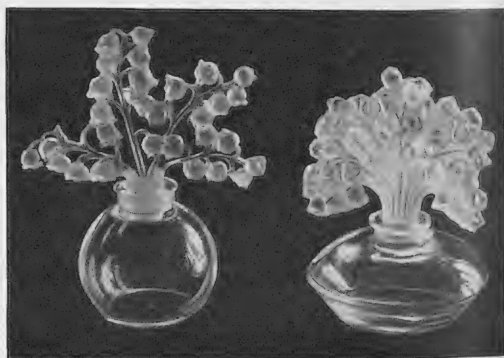


Something from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. Portrayed are diamond, jade, platinum, and gold earrings, an aquamarine, diamond, platinum, and white gold brooch, also a carved jade, platinum, and white gold clip-on brooch



This crocodile pochette and brocade crepe de chine evening bag from Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W., as they are both decidedly smart and British made

Lalique glass from the Breves Galleries, 2, Basil Street, Sloane Street. Pictured are the flacons "Clairfontaine" and "Muguet"



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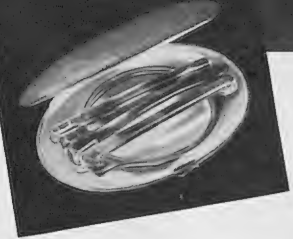
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Speclettes from Theodore Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street. They constitute full-size spectacles which fold up into the size of a small watch. They may be easily carried in the smallest hand-bag. There are plain as well as decorative cases



Something from Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street. There are the smartest of hats and an infinite variety of blouses. The one above is quite charming; it is carried out in white and green spotted silk with neat turn-over collar and frill



Kayser silk stockings, as they are made in the new sophisticated shades and are moderately priced. The Sansheen variety have a much-to-be-desired dull finish. They are smart and wash and wear extremely well



A cigarette box from J. C. Vickery, Regent Street, W. When the lid is raised of the model on the left a lighter appears. Alternatives are the clock lighter and very neat calendar seal

A Ronson automatic lighter in a case with a slim cigarette case. The slogan of the lighter is: "A flick and it's out; a release and it's out"

SEE HER EYES SPARKLE SEE HER HAPPIEST SMILE when she opens the dainty case on Christmas morning!

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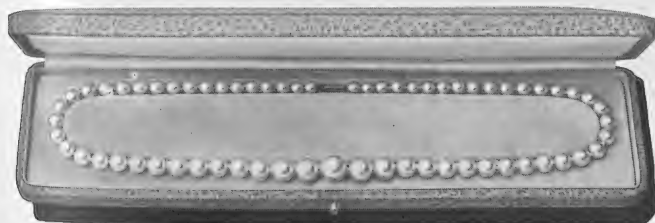
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Something from Lejeune's, 132, Great Portland Street, as they are making a feature of cuff links and tie brooch sets bearing either the image of St. Christophe, the patron saint of travellers, or St. Elie, the well-known patron saint of aviators. They are made of the best quality Platinix and French enamel

A sporting seat stick from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, while those who hunt will delight in one of the decidedly hunting companions portrayed; they are available at prices to suit all purses



Charles Heidsieck's extra dry champagne. All who have had the pleasure of enjoying it will realize that this firm's reputation is worthily maintained



A Rolls razor, it has an edge that is always at concert pitch, as its hollow ground Sheffield steel blade can be quickly stropped and honed in its case without the slightest trouble



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Pictures by Blake

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For the normal everyday occasion, when you are not too hurried, you will wisely choose the standard De Reszke Virginias.

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may be that one of this firm's head-dresses or transformations requires re-dressing.

Many women in these strenuous days have come to the conclusion that a postiche is a gilt-edge investment, as with its aid one is ever sure of looking one's best, and the amount of time that is saved cannot be over-estimated. It is the Nonetta that finds pictorial expression on this page. It simulates in a wonderful manner a "parting" made in growing hair.



A NONETTA TRANSFORMATION

Created by that well-known artist in hair, M. Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W.



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The Excellence of Fyrays.

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strongly to be recommended for invalids when extra warmth is necessary. Considerable

trouble and time are saved by the Stokes electric table cooker. The food can be cooked on the plate on the dining-table quickly, easily, and cheaply. It is simplicity itself and can be used from any lighting or heating point. Regular late breakfast-comers will welcome it, as it will cook bacon in five minutes or two chops in twelve minutes; no pots or pans are required. It is British made and costs 27s. 6d., the cost per hour being about 4d.



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PLAYER'S

make a delightful present for everyone at Christmas time

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"Medium" Navy Cut
Cigarettes 100 Tin 4/10



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The 'Orchis' Handbag set—Pretty things in a very smart little case. The Orchis Perfume in a Metal Sheath Bottle, the Orchis Compact and the Lipstick. Price 11/6.



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Invisible Talcum Powder - - - 1/9

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 470

In spite of the gloom which is not confined to this country by any manner of means the winter polo season in Cannes looks as if it would be as good fun as ever. Major J. M. Graham is the manager of the Polo de la Côte d'Azur, whose G.H.Q. are the Cercle Nautique, and he writes me that, although like everyone else they are going through a bad time, they are not disheartened, and that the prospects for the coming season are a lot better than perhaps anyone has a right to expect. Last season they had fifty-one days' polo, or an average of three days a week on grounds which are better than most to be found in England, because of course they are not put out of action so often by rain. There is nowhere this side of the Atlantic closer than Cannes where you can be pretty near certain that play will be possible all through January, February, and March. In 1914 our International team under Rattle Barrett put in a useful bit of winter practice in Madrid thanks to the kindness of King Alfonso. We won the cup back from America that year, and we have been unsuccessful ever since. Since it is imperative that an International team should get winter practice and Spain may not now be so convenient, how about Cannes? The only other possibilities seem to be Gib, Malta, Cairo—all more off the map. Major Graham says in the course of his letter:

This year we've had some November rain which is going to help a lot, and the grounds are looking good; we've already got thirteen definite players for this season, including H. P. Guinness, Gerald Balding, Philip Magor, R. L. Findlay, the Marquis de Portago, Major E. P. Johnstone (Canadian), Johnny de Madre, who is once more going to run a "Tiger" team, and Major Harry Lyons. In addition to these there are eight or nine hovering on the fence waiting to make up their minds. The stabling and hotel prices have all been reduced, and you can assure anyone who is going to play polo this summer in England that there is no better training ground than Cannes to enable them to start the season fit and with fit ponies. The president of the club, the Marquis de Meyronnet de St. Marc, is giving a cup to celebrate the club's twenty-fifth playing season. Teams entering for this are to have a minimum handicap of 20 goals; this should produce at least one really good game.



SOME OF THE BELVOIR DOG HOUNDS

Anyone who is fond of looking at hounds when he can be certain that he will be with 'em could spend hours looking at some of those they have got at Nipton to-day. Out hunting, when other things are equal—right fox, right smell, no motors and no people on bikes to head him—this thing is not so easy. Mr. Charles Tonge, ex-Master and present field Master, started the good work of improvement in the Belvoir kennel and Colonel Gordon Colman, the present Master, is carrying on magnificently. Portman Grimston (1923), Quorn Bachelor (1924), a son of Quorn Cruiser by their Safeguard, Brocklesby Aimwell (1924), and Brocklesby Student (1927) will tell most people the short story

It is pleasant to be able to congratulate a valued friend of a good many years, George Graves, upon having had the kindness and industry to preserve for posterity some of the reminiscences of a life which, as his book "Gaieties and Gravities" discloses, has been even fuller than those who believed they knew most of it can have imagined. I think, incidentally, that there is an "e" missing from the last word of the title; however, this quite by the way, for the main point is that in this breezy record of a most interesting career we get "George," as so

many of us know him and love him—a prince of jesters, the friend of hosts, and the enemy of none. This book, naturally, is full of his professional experiences from the days when his salary was £2 a week, and George Edwards said: "There's a comic called Charles Greeves in that pantomime. We must have him!" down to those later days and the modern ones, when George might almost be forgiven if he said: "Charles Edwards? who was he?" but the part of this volume of memories which I feel must appeal to those of us who are not of the stage stagey is that which gives us the little side lights—the stories, the leg-hauls, and the anecdotes about men and manners with which "Gaieties and Gravities" is simply packed. Yarns, for instance, about many a good chap who has abode his hour or two and gone his way; pals with whom so many of us have winned and dined, and who

only come back to us at those times when we give their poor old wraiths a chance, and open wide the often iron-studded doors of our inner selves. This is to me, and I am sure will be to many others, the principal charm of this book. It is not all gaieties, as how could be the record of any life of any man who ever has "swam in a gondola"? A lot of us knew before this book came out how nearly we ceased to number George amongst our comrades, but in chapter XI you will read the full details of his narrow escape from certain death in a trolley accident at the Victoria Falls, where the company he was then with on tour played a show at the Falls Cinema. Some of them with George Graves went on a trolley expedition to a spot called Danger Point, close to this awe-inspiring cascade which comes down between rocky cliffs, goodness knows how high, about 400 ft. I think, and certainly more than a mile wide.

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If you have a friend who already plays a "North British," send him no other

make, or he will not cherish your friendship.

If you have a friend who does not, make him your eternal debtor by introducing to him a ball of such surpassing merit.

For here is a gift that will reconcile your deadliest enemy.

From your pro. or sports shops everywhere.

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12/- a box of 6 **6/-** a box of 3 **4/-** a box of 2 Ⓢg.9

Abroad.

Mr. Cecil W. Hayes-Sadler, Kenya Administrative Service, and Miss Winifred Pauline Danson, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. W. Danson of Minera Hall, Wrexham, are being married on December 20 at Mombasa; March 1 is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Oliver Humphrey Cantrill and Miss Cecilia Browne, and it is to take place in Calcutta, some time in January. Mr. Douglas Sinclair Miller is marrying Miss Madge Bradbury at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia; and in February Mr. John Lindsay Smith, 7th Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Joanne Watson are being married at Quetta.

Next Month.

On January 5, Mr. Francis Justice Webb and Miss Laura Joan Carr are being married quietly in All Saints' Church, Maidstone; on the same day, Mr. R. L. Barnett of Fry's Cross, Dunsfold, near Godalming, is marrying Miss Rosemary Mander of 18, Neville Street, Onslow Gardens, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and Mr. H. Westrow Hulse and Miss Philippa Taylor are being married on the 7th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

Recent Engagements.

Captain Clement Alfred Mead, Royal Engineers, the only son of the late Colonel H. R. Mead, I.A., and Mrs. Mead of Glencairn, Rodwell, Weymouth, and Miss Joyce Marguerite Vanrenen, the younger daughter of the

WEDDINGS
AND
ENGAGEMENTS

Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSEMARY LANG

Who is engaged to Mr. Donald Edwin Lewis Samuel, the elder son of the late Mr. Dennis E. Samuel and Mrs. Samuel of 13, Sheffield Terrace, W., and nephew of Sir Herbert Samuel, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fernand R. Lang of Kensington Palace Mansions, W.



Lenore

MISS KATHLEEN LEES

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lees of Rowton Castle, Shropshire. She is to marry Sir Richard Leighton, Bart., on January 5



Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSANNA SHERBROOKE

Who is to marry Mr. Morris Yates, the Royal Horse Artillery, surviving son of the late Mr. T. J. Yates and of Mrs. Yates of Hove, is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Sherbrooke, R.M.A., Woolwich. The wedding will take place about the end of January

Lawrence Langdale Barnard, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Barnard of Beech Hanger, Merstham, Surrey, and Miss Doris Barbezat, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barbezat of The White House, Sutton, Surrey; Captain Edward Gerrard, Royal Artillery, second son of the late Edward Gerrard of Clonskeagh, and of Mrs. Gerrard of Donnybrook, Dublin, and Miss Frances Anne Putnam, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Putnam of Farrington House, near Exeter; Flight-Lieutenant Frank Maynard Denny, R.A.F., son of Commander H. M. Denny, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Denny of Moorings, Shrewton, Wilts, and Miss Mary Kathleen Ahern, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ahern of Domain Road, South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. Hugh Alexander Kinney, son of Mr. Alexander Kinney (Administrator General Official Trustee of Bengal, now retired), and Mrs. Kinney of Studley, Old Shoreham Road, Hove, and Miss Eileen Marjorie Bond, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bond, of Sillwood Place, Brighton.

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AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT



LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was a well-attended meeting of the Executive on November 23, Lady Kathleen Pilkington presiding. Various matters were discussed and the secretary informed the meeting that there would be the same arrangements for members at Crufts as in former years. This always conduces greatly to the comfort of members attending the Show.

The deerhound is steadily coming back into favour and no wonder, he has everything to recommend him—looks, character, a long lineage, and historical and romantic associations. Deerhound classes are filling well, and he is in the hands of a band of enthusiasts. From Miss Bell comes the sad news that owing to these hard times she must sell her lovely young hound, Alister of Enterkine. She says: "Alister is just over two years old, has had distemper, is house-trained, and a first prize-winner. He stands 33 in. at the shoulder and is a lovely hound. He is so gentle and sweet, besides being a sportsman." Miss Bell refused some good offers for him last year, but the price now is very moderate indeed as she must reduce her dogs. This is a chance for anyone wanting to begin well. Miss Bell also has various puppies for sale. All are well reared and healthy.

Congratulations to Mrs. Wingfield Digby over her famous Keeshond bitch Gesina attaining her full title. No one deserves it more.



KEESHONDS

The property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

Robinson, Redhill



CH. UME MARU

The property of Miss Tovey

Robinson, Redhill

Maru, took the certificate at Crufts, and her dam Kinoki, besides winning firsts at Brighton and the Metropolitan and Essex, was reserve champion to her daughter in keen competition, so altogether this has been a very good year for the Yevot Japs.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

remembers how short a time it is since Keeshonds were first given certificates, this is a record to be proud of. The picture is of three of the Van Zaandam celebrities, Karel, Konstant, and Kareline, who is Gesina's daughter, while Konstant is her grandson. Mrs. Digby has some good youngsters coming on for the Spring shows.

Mrs. Gunning has a Keeshond bitch to give away to a good home; she has perfect house manners and is a delightful companion. Lady Cooper has to spend the winter abroad, and has two good brood bitches, either to sell or give on breeding terms. All these are good Keeshonds.

Of all the toy breeds none is more attractive and charming than the Japanese spaniel. Miss Tovey sends a picture of her beautiful bitch, Champion Ume Maru. Ume Maru has taken all the bitch champion certificates offered for the breed this year, winning her title twice over though only a year-and-a-half old. She won the Bowl for the best of either sex outright, also the President's Trophy for the bitch winning most points. Miss Tovey has done very well with her other Japs, Ume Maru's two sisters winning firsts at Bath, Brighton, and our Show, while her sire, Nintoku



DEERHOUNDS

The property of Miss Bell

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Miss Gracie Fields

NOW PLAYING IN "WALK
THIS WAY" AT THE WINTER
GARDEN THEATRE - LONDON

writes

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B. L. V. CHEESE & TOMATO PASTE

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 478

flat under a mighty trunk. All the same I prefer the trees and I imagine that the accidents they have caused must be extremely few.

The Limit.

Recently I wrote a true little story about the inaccessibility of a trifle that went wrong, and I am now not surprised to learn that I am not the only sufferer, but rather that I can count myself fortunate. Listen to the experience of a correspondent who owns a very well-known make (rather costly, too) of 6-cylinder car. Alas! that I should have to admit that it is British. When about six months old, it conked out on the road as the result of the stripping of the fibre camshaft-timing wheel. Since this is covered by an inspection plate the fault was soon located (I do like the notion of that inspection plate). But it was not so easily rectified. It took, in fact, two skilled men, sometimes three, ten full days of work in a well-equipped garage. And, no wonder, for they had practically to reduce the whole car to its constituent elements. Everything had, of dire necessity, to be removed barring the bodywork, and the engine had to come completely out and be taken to little pieces. As my friend points out, a guarantee in such a case would be utterly useless, even if it had not expired by a week or two, for it would only cover the provision of a new part. About twenty years ago I had a similar experience on my own account, when it cost me £16 to replace a faulty clutch bolt, the price of which in the spare part list was quoted at 10d. I grant that the makers supplied it free of charge—but that did not help hugely. In the interval I should have thought that designers would have learnt something, but apparently not.

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Largely due to our departure from the gold standard, there are now possibilities of selling British motor-cars on the Continent of Europe. This has already been appreciated by leaders of the motor industry, some of whom have lost no time in setting in motion the necessary sales machinery. The Singer Company, for instance, has arranged a concession for the whole Continent, and distributors have been appointed in Spain and Czecho-Slovakia, in addition to those already operating in Portugal and Denmark. The same firm is making determined headway in the overseas markets elsewhere. Factory representatives are busy in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and other Dominions, whilst the Company's export manager is at present in South America, where he is furthering the business which was opened up during the Trades Exhibition earlier this year.

Roads will improve so rapidly in the next four years that cars will not be fast enough for them. This is a possibility—in fact, a warning—advanced by Mr. Victor Riley. Unlikely as it may seem at the moment, one has only to note the vast strides which have recently been made in road construction to realize that before the century is much older almost every main road will be as wide and straight as our present arterial highways. When that time comes, 90 per cent. of cars will be too slow for the roads, unless corresponding strides have been made in motor-car design. Provided that roads are wide and straight, and have a rough, non-skid tar-mac surface, speed is not dangerous in itself. Mr. Riley says: "Modern requirements call for speed; but speed without safety, comfort, and economy is useless, just as in the future safety, comfort and economy will be useless without speed."



ENGLAND'S GROWING EXPORT BUSINESS

This photograph shows the SS "Tainui" in the London docks recently. She had arrived with a record cargo of butter from New Zealand for British consumption, and is seen loading up with a shipment of 122 Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks, which represents half the month's supply to New Zealand of products from the Vauxhall factory at Luton. This is but a small fraction of the total overseas sales.



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SHERRY	PORT	WHISKY
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The gift of a box of Silver King Golf Balls is the happiest compliment you could pay to any golfer. Honoured wherever golf is played for their consistent qualities and wonderful accuracy in play, these famous Golf Balls are attractively packed for the Festive Season in sets of 12, 6 and 3, all with cheery greeting cards attached.

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BLACK DOT MESH : BLACK RECESS : NEW WIDE MESH

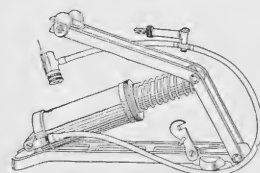
Second only to the Silver King are the famous 'Lynx' Golf Balls, slightly lower in price. Box of twelve, 12/-. Box of six, 6/-. Box of three, 3/-. Ask your dealer or pro. to show you both. These prices apply only to the British Isles.

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Tales of Tails.

THIS controversy between those who dine in dinner jackets and those who take to tails, between the caudate and the non-caudate (or little-endians and big-endians), threatens to become the subject of the hour in the aeronautical world. At the Martlesham dinner Mr. Handley Page and Mr. C. G. Grey discoursed entertainingly on tails and ties, trousers and loin-cloths, and spared neither each other nor these garments. Mr. C. G. Grey is the devil's advocate in that he upholds the following of the fashion first set by that potentate, the cult of the coccyx. Tails must be worn, and the pterodactyl must be altogether banished from flying meetings. Mr. Handley Page, however, in a caustic and cauterizing speech, directed the attention of those present more towards wings than tails, and especially towards those fittings near the wing tips which, he averred, are to be found on all well-regulated aircraft.

The subject provided a great deal of amusement especially because Mr. Handley Page was in his best form, his fluency upon any subject under the sun being ever a fresh source of astonishment to those who hear him. Sir John Higgins, Air Vice-Marshal Dowding, Major Buchanan, and, of course, the Padre were there. Wing-Commander Field, the present Commanding Officer of Martlesham, presided with benevolent despotism, making the dumb speak, while Group Captain Reilly, the C.O. to come, was there as well as the two previous C.O.s. After the dinner Mr. W. Lappin showed the film he took of the Schneider Trophy race and the preparations for it. It is better than a great deal of the professionally-taken film that I have seen.

For myself the personnel of Martlesham has changed completely since I was stationed there, but I met two friends of my own time. One was Squadron-Leader McKenna, that compactest compound of common sense, and the other was the mess piano. I first met that piano at Orfordness in 1917. It migrated to Martlesham and has been

there ever since. In order to give it the right degree of sonority and richness of tone it used, at Orfordness, to have a great deal of whiskey poured into it on mess nights, but now I hear it leads a godly, righteous, and sober life.

Hip, Hip, Hinkler!

Hinkler's home-coming has been singularly muted compared with the arrival in England of Lindbergh, for example. So I must once again draw attention to the magnitude of Hinkler's feat. In a British Puss Moth with British Gipsy engine he was the first to fly the south Atlantic from west to east; the first to fly the south Atlantic solo; the first to fly either of the Atlantics in a light aeroplane (as that term is understood in this country) and the second to fly either of the Atlantics solo.

The shortest ocean passage across the south Atlantic is longer than the shortest ocean passage across the north Atlantic.

Throughout his career Hinkler has been a living advocate of the light aeroplane. In the Avro Baby with the 35-h.p. Green engine he set things going by flying non-stop from London to Turin. After that there was his flight to Riga non-stop about ten years ago. Then he started the fashion in high speed long-distance flights, when in 1928 he flew from England to Australia in 15½ days in an Avro Avian with Cirrus engine.

But Hinkler does not boost himself. As someone said when he arrived back in England, it is probable that we shall only begin to hear about his flight in a month or so's time through some chance remark of his. Hinkler cannot talk big. It is at once his greatest merit and his greatest draw-back. Everyone inside the air-world knows that there is no better pilot than Bert Hinkler, no matter what the task, whether high-speed flying in a Schneider Trophy machine (he was in the British team in 1925), aerobatics, long-distance work, or competitions. But outside the air world there are few who recognize him at his true worth. It is to be hoped that the general public, as well as those actually engaged in some form of aviation work, will now appreciate Hinkler's skill and genius.



CAPTAIN J. B. L. H. CORDES

A picture taken at Radlett Aerodrome, where he has been doing some tests lately with a Moth fitted with slots and interceptors, an extremely powerful form of control. Captain Cordes is test pilot to the Handley Page Company



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The Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those flimmed on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For full information: PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; ROMA, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street; NEW YORK, 895, Fifth Avenue; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158. At London and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, American Express, Dean & Dawson, Compagnia Italiana Turismo or any other Travel Agency.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £13 to give 5s. weekly to a widow who is having a hard struggle to bring up four young children. Her husband died very suddenly of pneumonia, and as he had a



SHERWOOD PARK SPA, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The magnificent entrance gates to the Sherwood Park Spa at that sheltered and beautiful spot, Tunbridge Wells, the original, possibly, of the watering-place glorified by Surtees in "Handley Cross," and in any case the right spot in which to rebuild wasted tissue and shattered nerves. Sherwood Park Spa is an all-the-year-round health resort, and should at once attract the serious notice of all who are taking the "Buy British" movement as it should be taken

small business of his own he was uninsured, and his wife is therefore not eligible for the widows' pension. He left nothing. She has obtained permanent employment as an office cleaner and works from 5 to 8 a.m. and from 6 to 8 p.m. The work is hard, and she is not at all strong. The Friends of the Poor want to help this deserving case until she has been in employment for about a year, when it is probable that her wages will be increased.

Feeding, clothing, housing, educating, and training a family of over 8,000 orphan and destitute children is the every-day task of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It is the largest family in the world, and its charter is "No destitute child ever refused admission." Day by day, throughout the year, five needy little ones (on an average) are admitted into the family circle. 8,000 breakfasts, 8,000 dinners, and 8,000 teas have to be provided every day for the Barnardo family; for the children must be fed. Christmas, too, is looming ahead, and Barnardo's want to ensure that for each of their young charges a happy time is in store. But Christmas fare for all the 8,000 and more members of their great family means, naturally, heavier bills to meet. Send 10s. to Barnardo's and get in return the joy of feeling that for ten days at the festive season you are feeding one needy little one. The council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes earnestly desire the

help of all child-lovers to enable them to carry on their work for the Nation and Empire. Cheques, drafts, and orders should be made payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1, England.

The new table racehorse game, "Gojee," is certainly proving one of the most popular diversions of this Christmas season. This is particularly gratifying because "Gojee" is an entirely British production. It was invented by the well-known Irish tenor, Mr. Hugh Ormond, and is, in fact, being exported in large numbers to Germany and other foreign countries. "Gojee" has several unique and thoroughly fascinating features. It realistically reproduces the conditions of such a classic steeplechase as the Grand National, including the life-like jumping of the horses over Becher's Brook. It is essentially a game of skill in which each player operates his own horse to victory or defeat.

The British Women's Patriotic League has thrown open the Gift to the Nation being organized amongst its members, to all who wish to join in this gesture of loyalty and to give practical help at this time of crisis. In order that the offering should be as representative as possible, and also that money should not be diverted from the wise spending which gives employment or from deserving charities, the unit of donation is made 1s., while gifts of gold and jewellery will also be welcome. These should be sent to the Secretary, B.W.P.L., 92, Victoria Street, W.



MISS IRENE CLARKE WINS A BEAUTY PRIZE

This beautiful young lady is employed by the British Piston Ring Company testing Brico piston rings. In a recent competition staged by "Miss Physical Culture" she was given first prize for the most perfect figure in the Midlands. The decorative object she has in her hands is the largest Brico piston ring made.



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Others in great variety.

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Real Flemish Lace with Irish Linen centre. 3/9 each.

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PURE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

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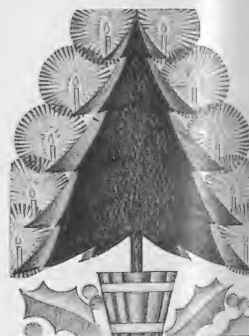
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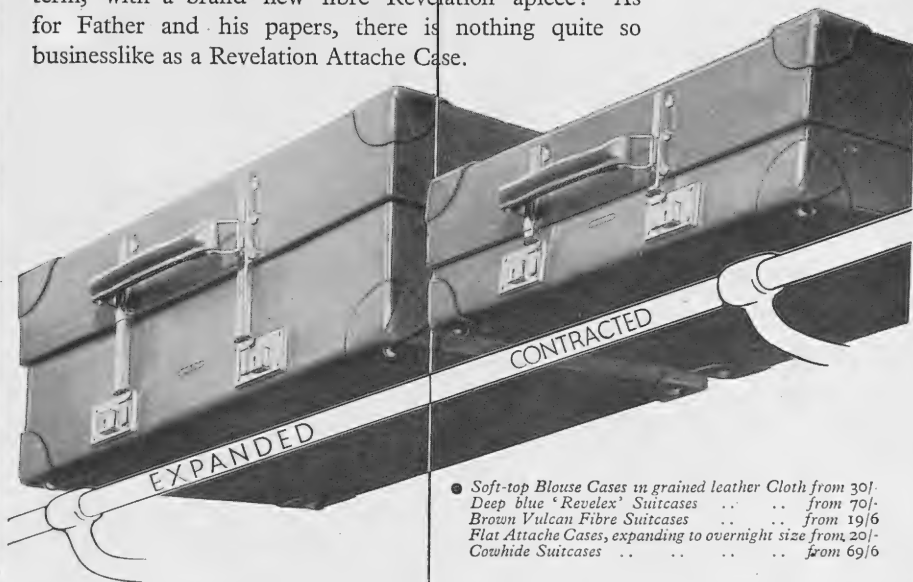
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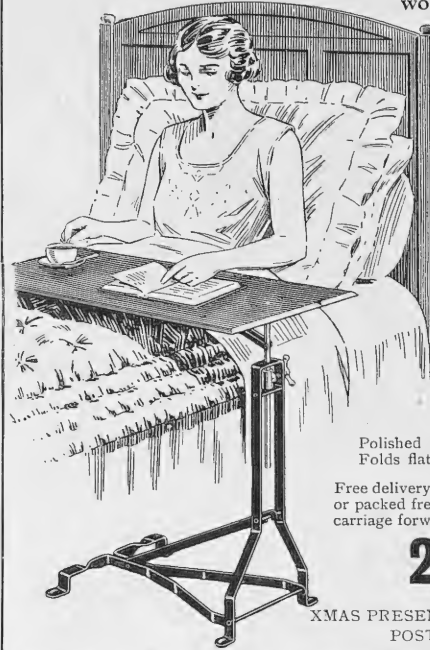
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PRICES.

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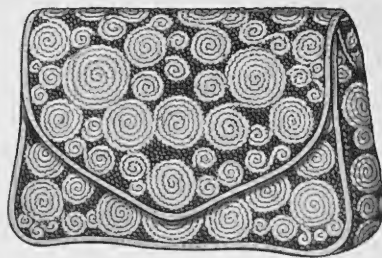
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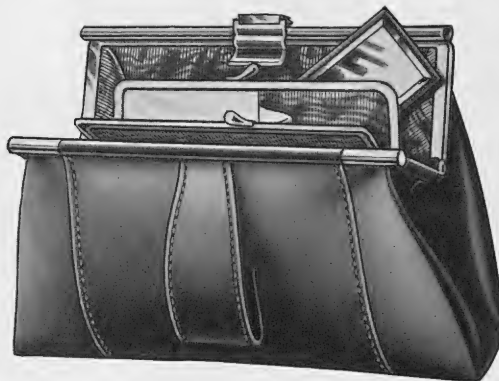
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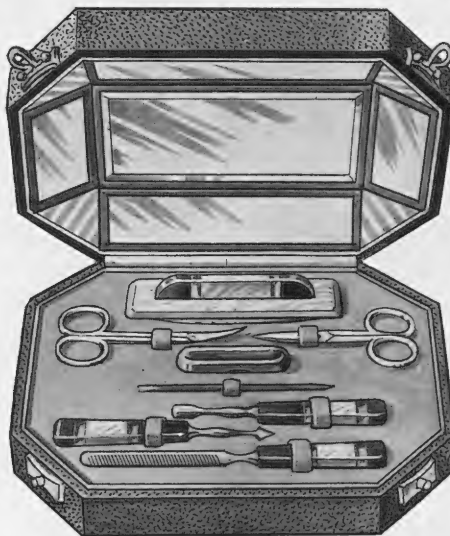
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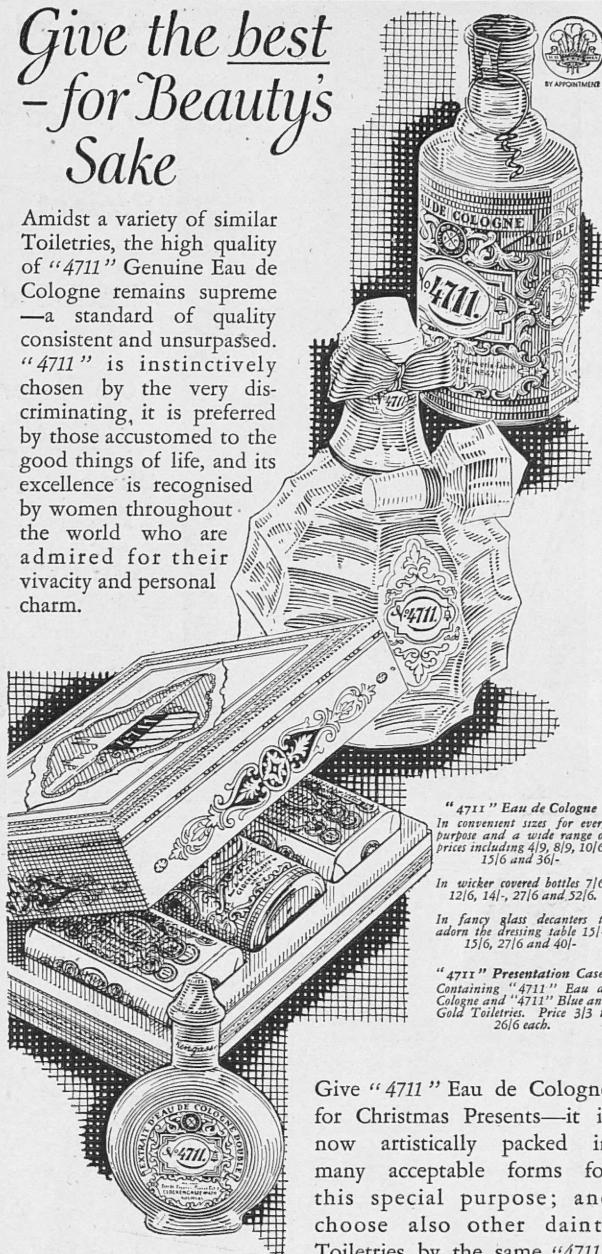
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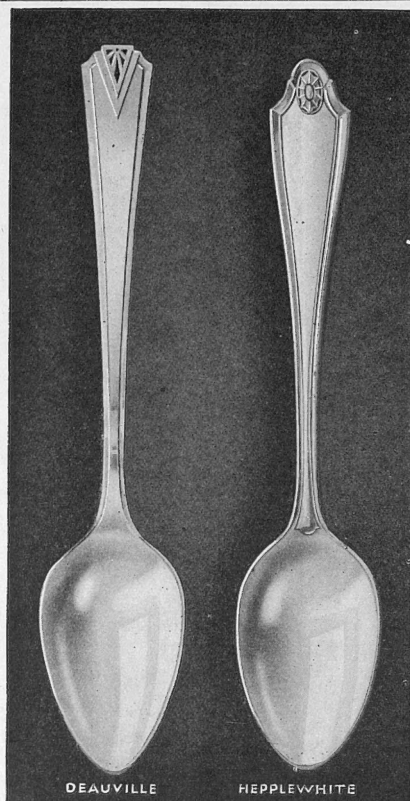
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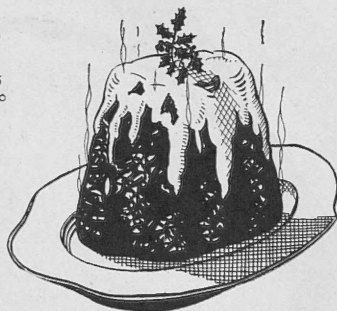
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